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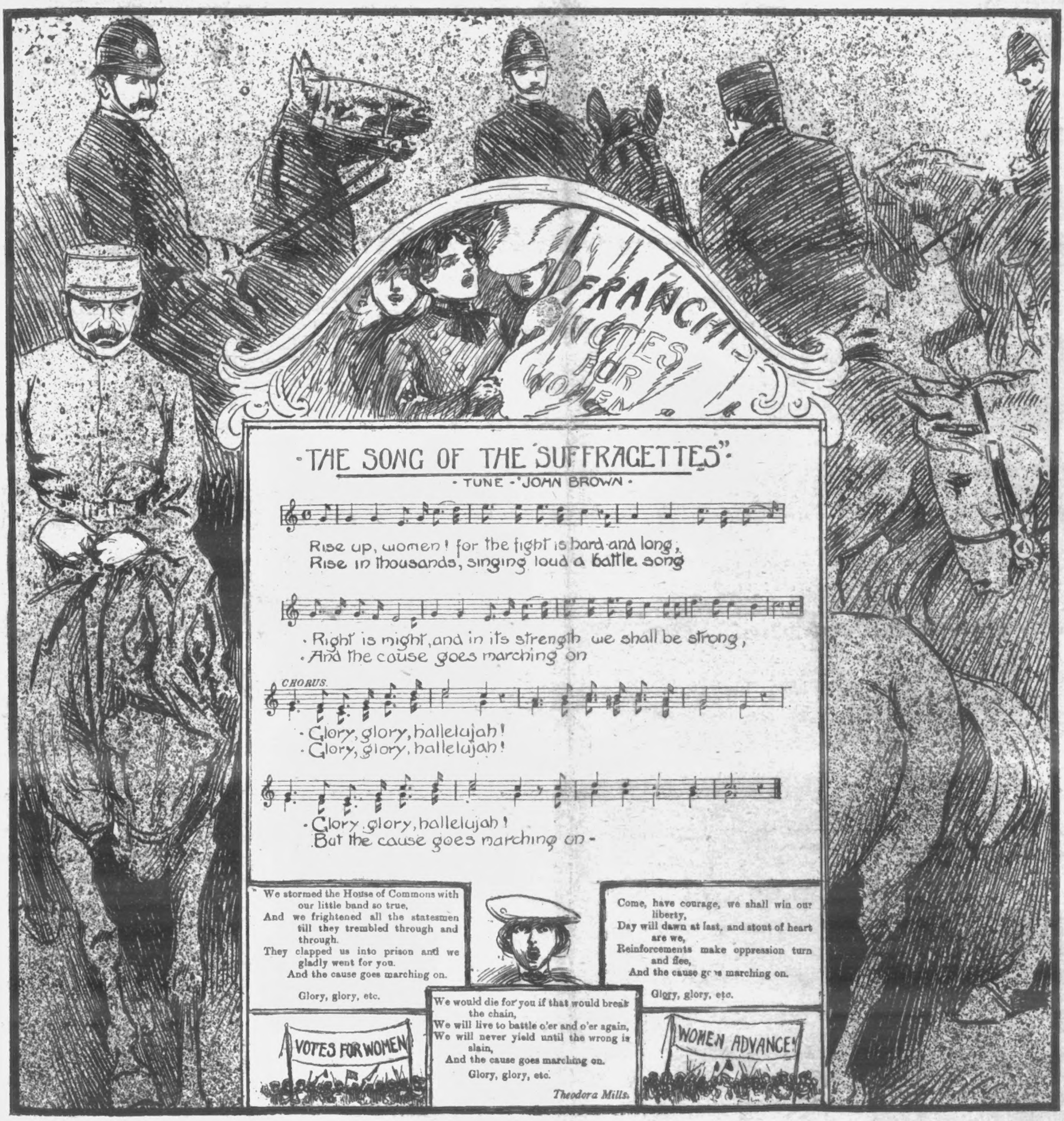
THE WAR SONG OF THE SUFFRAGETTES.



"THE SONG OF THE SUFFRAGETTES"

TUNE - "JOHN BROWN"

Rise up, women! for the fight is hard and long,
Rise in thousands, singing loud a battle song

Right is might, and in its strength we shall be strong,
And the cause goes marching on

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
But the cause goes marching on.

We stormed the House of Commons with our little band so true,
And we frightened all the statesmen till they trembled through and through.
They clapped us into prison and we gladly went for you.
And the cause goes marching on.

Glory, glory, etc.

Come, have courage, we shall win our liberty,
Day will dawn at last, and stout of heart are we,
Reinforcements make oppression turn and flee,
And the cause goes marching on.

Glory, glory, etc.

We would die for you if that would break the chain,
We will live to battle o'er and o'er again,
We will never yield until the wrong is slain,
And the cause goes marching on.

Glory, glory, etc.

Theodora Mills.

INFLUENZA AND DEAFNESS.

This winter with the season's usual ailments, shows a marked increase in the number of cases of Influenza, and this is an opportune moment to give a timely word of advice to our readers. It is not so much in influenza itself where the mischief and danger lie, but in the after-effects.

One of the most distressing and inconvenient complaints, and perhaps the most common following influenza, is deafness, which when once the symptoms appear, only too frequently develops into a permanent affliction.

Let us study the connection a little more closely. The problem is a serious one. In these days of strenuous competition no one can afford to be in any one sense defective.

First and foremost, you have to clear out of your mind the mistaken idea that the ear-drum is the most important part of the hearing apparatus. This old belief can be pitched aside with the "flat-earth" theory.

We must get behind this delicate membrane and fix our attention upon the far more important inner structure of the ear. Lying just behind the ear-drum and resting against it are three small bones which vibrate in unison with the ear-drum. These bones fit one another and are controlled by minute muscles which are the tiniest in the body. The first of these three bones is in actual contact with the ear-drum. At its other end it fits into a second bone, which in turn fits into a third. This last one of the series is in contact with the second very sensitive drum-head stretched over the auditory nerve itself, by means of which all sounds are ultimately conveyed to the brain.

It has been proved conclusively that at least 90 out of every 100 cases of deafness are due to some injury or disease attaching to this chain of small bones. There is either inflammation, such as follows Influenza, displacement, or adhesion. Directly any one of these things happens, the hearing must of necessity be affected and, unless the evil be taken in time, serious and lasting injury may result. Such trouble may happen to your ear; is perhaps developing now.

Any reader suffering from deafness should write at once to Prof. G. Keith-Harvey (Room 827), 117, Holborn, London, E.C., for Illustrated Booklet, fully describing an entirely new self-applied method which has already effected hundreds of truly marvellous cures.

CHILDREN TEETHING

TO MOTHERS.

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Has been used over 55 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It SOOTHES the child, softens the gums, allays all PAIN, cures WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA.

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. . For . .

INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS, and the AGED.

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ASTHMA, CATARRH,
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ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES.

TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Shall the Criminal Appeal?

FOR.

"Circumstantial evidence has hanged many an innocent man." To-morrow circumstantial evidence may place any one of us in prison to endure the most terrible torture that can be inflicted on the human soul.

This is a reflection that may well shake our belief in the "perfect machinery of the law," and summon each of us to join in the great cause which has for its object the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal. The need of such a reform in the present system of administering justice is no longer a matter of vague, half-hearted speculation. Recent events have removed every element of doubt from the subject, and the awful fact, that the innocent may linger for years in a prison cell without hope, stands clearly before us in all its pitiable possibilities.

How many innocent men and women are there in our gaols at this moment? The most callous among us must shrink from dwelling long on this tragedy of justice; but there is grief and rage in our hearts for its victims, enduring martyrdom with no salve to lighten its bitterness. The law holds every man innocent until he has been convicted, but, when sentence has been passed, that "characteristic tenderness of our law to the accused," of which a great lawyer has spoken, is at an end. The "guilty" one has despair for his taunting companion; to all his supplications, to the righteous indignation that clamours fiercely to be heard, there is no ear to listen. The "criminal" is branded.

His one hope is an appeal to the "mercy" of the Home Secretary. This the law grants him with its "characteristic tenderness," and adds to his shame and suffering the agony of suspense. Will the influence of his friends be sufficiently great to secure him the support of a petition, or will his personal appeal be neglected through the press of official business? Weeks, months, years, may pass, while he waits, torn by doubt as to whether his case will be taken up, suspicious that his plea may never come before the eyes of the Home Secretary at all. Then should the cumberous process of an "official inquiry" be granted him, and weight and fate combine to fling open the prison door, how does he stand with the world?

The Home Office is the tomb of evidence; a public office, it is virtually a secret tribunal. It works mysteriously, silently; it offers no reasons for its actions; it gives back no honour to those who have been wronged by the miscarriage of justice, and robbed of their fair name. It may give a man freedom, but it does not grant him the open theatre of his release, as it granted him the open shame of conviction.

Herein lies, surely, an overwhelming argument in favour of a Court of Criminal Appeal. We grant to the dogma that the law is not infallible our widest consideration; but what we demand is that its errors should be repaired and atoned by a high tribunal, which shall send forth its victims publicly exonerated and free from the slur that must always rest, to a greater or less extent, on those who have endured imprisonment as criminals, and been cast upon the world again by the obscure mechanism of the Home Office.

[*Photo, Illus. Bureau.*

GEORGE LEWIS,
who was convicted by Sir Ralph Littler of passing a forged cheque, but was liberated recently by order of Mr. Gladstone, the Home Secretary.

Englishmen hold a high opinion of the integrity of the British jury, the honour of counsel, and the fearlessness of our judges; but there must always arise moments, at the end of some criminal trial, when a dread that the scales of justice have not swung truly, enters the minds of those in court. The "not guilty" of the condemned man rings in the ears. Something in his bearing, in the flash of his eyes, suggests the appalling possibility that the real crime is to begin with the sacrifice of this life—forfeited without the right of appeal.

Against the perpetuation of errors of justice the Civil Court is already protected. There, retrial may be moved for on the grounds of misdirection of jury, or the admission of improper evidence. How long must we wait to gain an equal right for the criminally accused.

AGAINST.

Nothing less than the destruction of the entire logical bases on which our present system of criminal procedure is built is threatened by those who are centreing themselves on the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal.

Admit even a few of the inevitable outcomes of any such step upon the lines laid down in the Bill of 1906, and we see criminal trial by jury reduced to a condition so Gilbertian as to be almost tragic. At one stroke there would be swept from the minds of even the conscientious member of a jury the burden of responsibility. He not only becomes protected against a mistaken conception of his duties, he is distinctly invited to act with an unpleasant sense (if he is conscientious) that neither his individual opinions, or those of his fellow jurors, are of any real consequence, or (in the case of his being without scruple) to cast his vote so as to directly challenge appeal.

This release from the final responsibility would, no doubt, appeal to country jurors, whose interests in the prisoner are not infrequently personal. They would say to themselves, 'If we acquit the prisoner and he is guilty we are turning loose a murderer, or a burglar, or a blackmailer; but if we convict him it will be all right, he can appeal, and the whole case will be thrashed out again before judges in London.

So your twelve good men and true are rendered not only ineffectual, but ridiculous, unless the grounds for appeal are arranged on some lines other than those contemplated. Even in its amended form the Bill practically gives unrestricted right of asking the Court of Appeal for leave to appeal on a question of fact. As it has been sapiently pointed out, if there is no restriction, and a convict cannot be worse off by appealing, why should not every convict try his luck by bringing his case before the Court of Appeal?

In the way of congestion alone this means something colossal. According to the last criminal statistics, 7,899 persons were sentenced to imprisonment in one year, and as it may be taken for granted that there was hardly a man among them who would have hesitated to "try his luck," a Court of Appeal would have been kept moderately busy.

Then we must not forget the other side of the picture. We cannot expect the Crown Presecutor, and counsel generally, to stand by while the "found guilty" in their hundreds are clamouring before the Court of Appeal. With unchallengable logic the Crown might claim the right to appeal against acquittals, and there goes the peace of mind of the happy man whom the law has released! Yet, according to the time-honoured rule, no one ought to be charged a second time for the same offence. This, according to the prisoner's point of view, is a grand principle; but it would not be equitable after the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal. We could not have one law for the wrongfully convicted, and one law for the wrongfully acquitted.

There is a significant uncertainty about those who support the Bill as there is among lawyers who discuss it impartially. The Lord Chancellor, on its third reading, pronounced it to be unworkable, and Lord Brampton, before its introduction, expressed the opinion that the difficulty of organising a satisfactory court, for the general revision of all sentences seem to be too great, to render it probable that any effort to surmount it would be successful for a long time to come. A well-known barrister recently remarked that "there should be some machinery whereby to move the High Court to a retrial." But it is the complication of this machinery, he, in common with many legal men, regards with frank perplexity. Twenty-two judges in conference have brought their minds to bear on some of the aspects of the Bill, with the result that they differ from it upon the most essential points of the proposed constitution of a Court of Criminal Appeal.

It is not possible that the ends of justice can be best served by the establishment of a court which could not do otherwise than constantly suggest the inefficient, blundering ways by means of which we seek to administer the law in our criminal courts. In these matters we cannot afford to let sentiment obtrude before practical considerations, and we cannot regard a Court of Criminal Appeal otherwise than as an evidence of weakness. The strongest plea in its favour is, perhaps, to be found in the equivocal precept that it is better to pardon a hundred guilty men than to hang one who is innocent.

But how many innocent men have been hanged?

Why Russia Lost.

The Startling Inner History of the Russo-Japanese War.

General Kuropatkin's book on the history of the war was suppressed by the Russian Government when it was issued in December last. The startling contents has just been made public.

It is an amazing revelation by the sometime Minister of War and Commander-in-Chief in the field of utter disorganisation, of generals who deliberately ignored orders, and of cowardice in the field by raw and unwilling soldiers.

GENERAL KAULBARS,
on whose shoulders General Kuropatkin throws the blame for the debacle at Mukden.

At Liaoyang General Orloff's force of 12,000 soldiers "simply bolted from the field in wild disorder."

At the battle of the Shaho "many of the troops left the ranks under the pretext of carrying wounded to the rear, or without any pretext at all." One general here retired a whole army corps without consulting anyone, or informing the other army corps commanders.

Stupid Orders.

General Grippenberg is charged with giving orders at direct variance with the plan of campaign, and failing to keep in touch with other generals, and stupidly giving orders that revealed to the enemy and frustrated a great turning movement.

Grippenberg declared the campaign was "lost," reported that he was ill, and went back to Russia. "Deplorable, and calculated to undermine discipline," comments General Kuropatkin.

The Mukden Muddle.

Responsibility for the debacle at Mukden is placed on the shoulders of General Kaulbars, who commanded the Second Manchurian Army. He continually disobeyed orders, and was "begged" three times in vain to discover the position of General Nogi's left flank. As it turned out he devoted all his attention to Oku's army, mistaking that force for Nogi's. Moreover, he was "fatally inactive," and when he did act it was disastrously "on erroneous information."

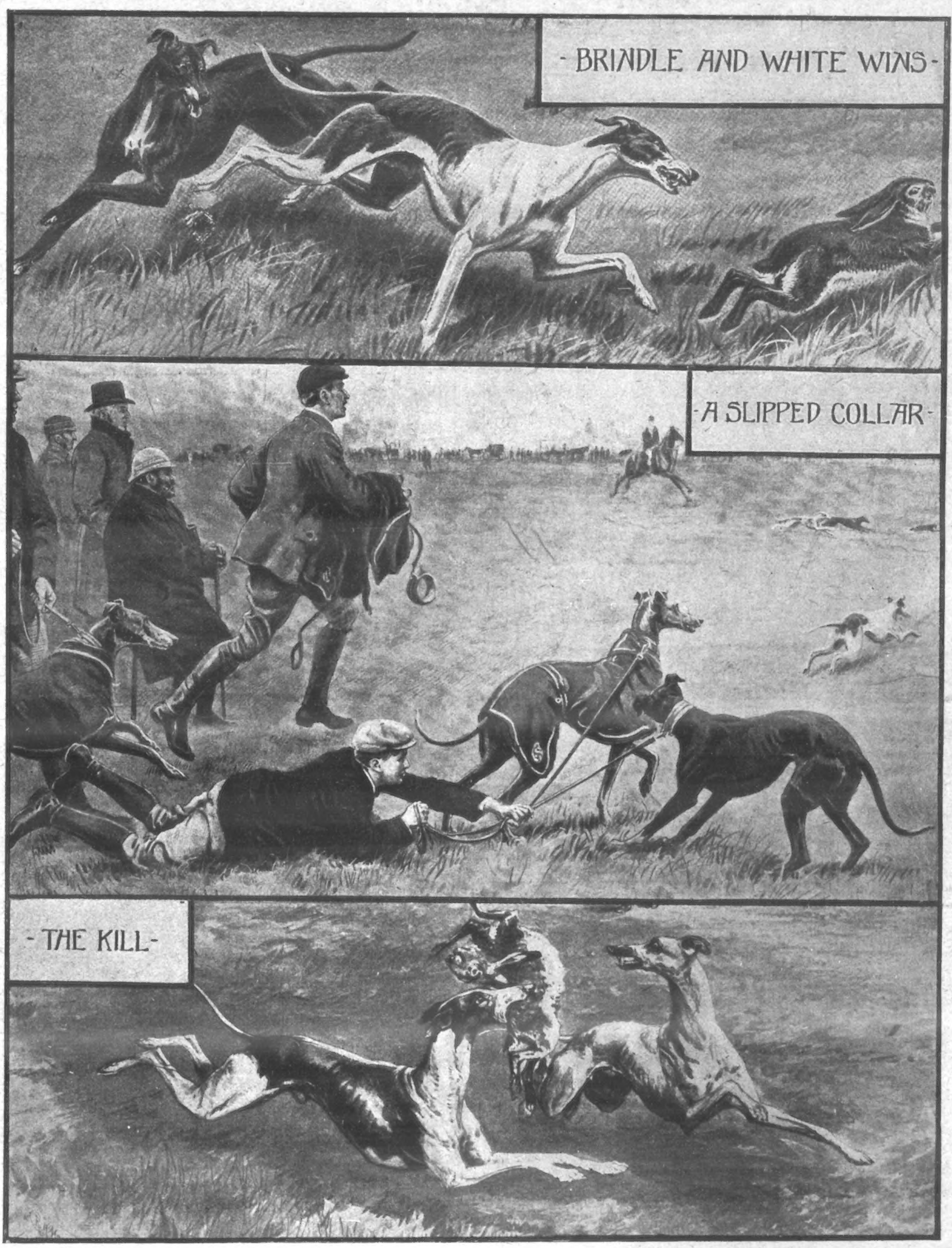
"Not one of the measures prescribed to General Kaulbars in February was realised."

Again, at the battle of Lautkhalaza Hill the Russian artillery fired on their own attacking infantry and forced them to retire.

We are told that General Maw's division remained with folded arms while the fate of the Russian army was being decided, that he retreated, vacating important positions without firing a shot, and without even informing his commander. Kuropatkin says this "was not a mistake, but a crime."

GENERAL KUROPATKIN,
whose book on the inner history of the Russo-Japanese War has caused such a sensation.

COURSING



WATERLOO CUP FACTS.

At the present time a stock question is, "Who will win the Cup?" but despite this general interest in the great coursing event of the year, it is not everyone who is aware of the value of the prizes, etc. The conditions for the contest are sixty-four subscribers at £25 each, £1,600, allotted thus: £1,240 to the thirty-two dogs left in the Cup proper—the winners of the first round—£500 to the winner, £200 to the second, £50 each to the third and fourth, £30 each to the next four, £20 each to eight, and £10 each to the next sixteen. The Waterloo Purse of £215, for the thirty-two dogs beaten in the first round of the Cup, is divided by the winner getting £75, the second £30, two dogs £15 each, four dogs £10 each, and eight dogs £5 each; while the "Plate" of £145 is for the sixteen dogs beaten in the second round of the Cup. The successful dog takes £75, the second £30, two dogs £10 each, and four others £5 each.

RISKS RUN BY SERVANTS

Domestic Servants' Compensation.

Now that domestic servants are included in the Workman's Compensation Bill, householders, both rich and poor, have begun to ponder over the extent of their new liabilities, their fresh burdens. Through the many years that there has been a servant class complaints of ill-treatment, or of want of proper treatment of domestics in the case of illness or accident, have been few and far between. The employer has until now recognised a moral responsibility for the safety of the servants in his employ, and they, apparently, have been quite content to leave matters on that footing. All that has changed, the law talks of the "responsibilities of the employer," the papers are full of the advertisements of insurance companies—who alone seem certain to benefit by the new order of things—and the householder, more especially the one of limited means, feels that his safety lies in taking all risks unto himself, while the domestic must not be allowed to be a hewer of wood or a drawer of water. The chopper might slip, the water might scald, and the consequences would be—compensation. True, no one is going to worry about the risks run by the householder himself, and the people responsible for the inclusion of domestic servants in the Bill would say that the householder has exactly the same refuge—the insurance company. What, too, will be the gains of the insurance companies? That they will do enormous business there can be no doubt, but it is a question whether it will pay them at the present low rates. Will the premiums be raised when the business has been captured?

All this appears to be very true, and it would seem that the householder is making a great deal of fuss over a very trivial matter. But is he? Unconsciously, perhaps, domestic servants have hitherto been careful to avoid accident, but with the coming of this new order of things, and in the knowledge that they are fully protected by law, they may, just as unconsciously, lose that caution which has meant the safeguarding of both parties concerned, the servant and the householder. Already the latter is growing tired of what is commonly known as the "servant problem," and it will not be surprising if this new law leaves many more houses empty, while the frightened ex-householder hides his head in a flat, leaving all responsibility to be borne by the owners of the flats. It may be argued that even in these flats servants must be employed, but this is true only to a limited extent. In a large building, if it be fitted with every modern convenience, the work is reduced to a perfect system, and the staff of servants is in consequence reduced to the smallest possible proportions. This would inevitably mean an increase of the unemployed directly traceable to the new order of things.

All these matters, however, would be of little account provided only that they were fully explained by the Bill. Unluckily, this is not the case, and as even lawyers are differing in their estimates of the liabilities incurred by the householder, it seems probable that the tangle will not be straightened out until a good deal of money has been expended in the Law Courts. Who will that benefit? Certainly not the mystified and alarmed householder, only possibly the servant.

The idea of protecting any class, should they need it, is to be applauded, but has not the protection of the householder, the man who pays, been forgotten?

EVERY-DAY WORK AND RISKS.

The carrying of coals, chopping of wood, cleaning of knives, cleaning of windows, and the handling of boiling water, are all items of domestic work that may lead to more or less serious accident. It is to protect domestic servants against contingencies of this nature that they have been included in the Workmen's Compensation Bill.

The Druce-Portland Claim.

Circumstances have conspired to revive interest in what is commonly called "The Druce Case." As readers of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* are aware, it is a claim brought by Mr. George H. Druce that he is the real descendant of the fifth Duke of Portland, and therefore entitled to succeed to the title as well as to the estate of the famous peer, who, during the last Government, was the King's Master of the Horse, and is a personal friend of His Majesty.

Nothing could be more dramatically opposed than the career of the present holder of the title, with his vast estates and all that appertains to them, great wealth, the possession of magnificent works of art, a life lived in luxury and without care or anxiety through financial stress, and the man who claims that all these things should belong to him and has come all the way from Australia in order to test the validity of that claim, and to prove whether the estates, position, wealth, and the prestige which the Dukedom of Portland carries with it should not be transferred to him.

The main facts of the case have long been well known, but the exact incidence of the litigation now pending may be by no means clear in the minds of the public which, in the multiplicity of the events constantly thrust upon its notice, may, and probably had, forgotten the precise nature of the claim, the trial of which may attract as much notice and excite as much controversy as the historic Tichborne trial, in which, it will be remembered, the claimant also came from our great Australian colony.

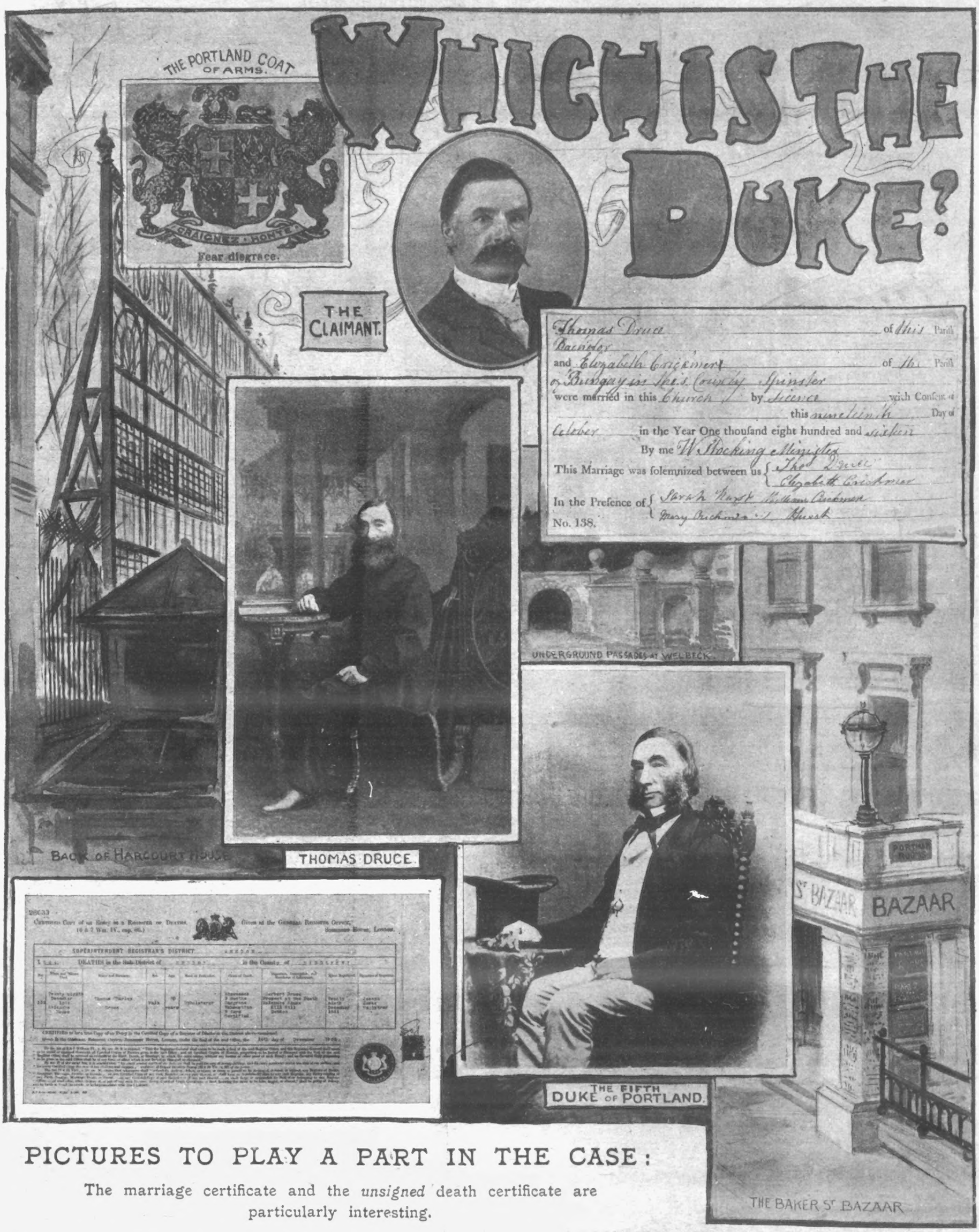
The present claimant, whose portrait we reproduce, George Hollamby Druce, is the grandson of one Thomas Druce, who in 1816 married a Miss Elizabeth Crickmer at Bury St. Edmunds. This is common ground between the parties, and is not to come forward for contention at all.

Mr. G. H. Druce alleges that the Thomas Druce, who is his grandfather, is the same person as Thomas Charles Druce, who, from 1835 to 1864, carried on the business in Portman Square known as the Baker Street Bazaar. On this ground he will, we understand, be challenged to bring formal proof. The important allegation of fact, however, which the claimant makes, and which he will be called on to prove conclusively, is that the Thomas Druce who married in 1816 was not a Druce at all, but was Lord John Bentinck (afterwards Marquis of Titchfield, and later on the fifth Duke of Portland).

The date of this marriage, which took place ninety years ago, manifestly precludes the production at this late hour of the direct evidence of eye witnesses to the marriage, and the claimant will have to rely on a number of independent facts and a lot of circumstantial evidence pointing to his desired conclusion. One of his propositions is that Thomas Charles Druce, the bazaar proprietor, was a character assumed by the late fifth Duke of Portland, and that there never was any such person in reality. If that be established, then he will have gone so far to prove his case that it would be a matter of little difficulty to get the other step of establishing the identity of his grandfather with the bazaar proprietor.

The principal question of fact, however, is one that is going to cost a lot to prove, and will involve the presentation of a host of witnesses to spell out the separately-lived existences of Duke and tradesman. To cope with this a company has been

THE DRUCE-PORTLAND CLAIM.



PICTURES TO PLAY A PART IN THE CASE:

The marriage certificate and the *unsigned* death certificate are particularly interesting.

formed and the shares of the face value of £1 each, giving a return of £100 in the event of the claim being successfully proved, have, during the last eighteen months, been marketed at prices ranging from £1 to £3 per share, their present price.

The claim now under review, though nominally against the Portland trustees and Lord Howard de Walden and dealing with the Middlesex estates left by the late fourth Duke, and entailed by him on his heirs male in the direct line or in default to the heirs male through the female line, is really a claim *in posse* on the Dukedom, as the facts which would support it are almost identical with such as would be necessary to support an appeal to the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords for the dignities, and all appertaining thereto.

The action has reached a most interesting stage, and the statement of claim being delivered, the defence is awaited with much interest by the parties concerned, and, indeed, by the public at large, for the agitation has long since passed the bounds of personal interests, and has become in a sense a sort of question of abstract justice quite apart from even the various families concerned. Mr. Druce has never adopted any braggadocio stand; he knows practically nothing of the essential facts, and though he is the central figure in the case, he merely asks to be allowed to present to a jury for their consideration the multitude of statements which have been tendered to him by all sorts of people, and which have impressed him sufficiently to make it imperative that the subject should be thrashed out to a finish. His energy and determination have already been put to the severest tests, and in spite of all class prejudice and financial weakness he has persevered to the present point, and means to go right ahead until he sets at rest for good and all the main contentions known generally as the Druce claim.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

It is almost invariably the case that England gives a slack display in the Association match against Ireland, and such was the exhibition of the Saxons at Liverpool last Saturday, when the Irish only lost by 1 goal to nil. This point was scored by Harold Hardman in the second half, a long swinging shot by the Everton amateur defeating his club-mate Scott, who was keeping goal for Ireland. Many people consider that Scott is the finest custodian of the day, and certainly he did everything to enhance his reputation in the first of the season's Association internationals.

As the game went England deserved to come out on top, for their forwards were far superior to those of Ireland. On the other hand, the Irish defence was as sound as ever, and it seems a pity that the Emerald Isle cannot raise forwards who can combine. Of dash, pace, and pluck there was no lack, but without proper understanding among themselves a forward line can scarcely hope to be really effective.

Folks looked very glum down Plumstead way last Saturday, for Woolwich Arsenal had been forced to surrender a couple of League points to Bristol City. A beating for the Arsenal on their own ground is never a palatable dish, and, fortunately for Woolwich supporters, it doesn't often happen, but on the last occasion they quite deserved to lose. A worse example of weak forward play could scarcely be imagined, and it had a demoralising effect on the defence, with the result that they practically presented their rivals with the game.

The Middlesbrough barometer continues to rise, and last Saturday Preston North End had to acknowledge their superiority on Teeside by 2 goals to 1. Liverpool gained a notable victory over Sheffield Wednesday at Owlerton, the latter having one goal the worse of the five scored. Another good win was that of Manchester United over Blackburn Rovers at Ewood Park, the winners scoring four goals to their rivals' two.

Derby County had Stoke for opponents on the Baseball ground, and the Pottery team returned to their quarters with a 2 goals to 1 beating. The County have never been a really great side, but their ability to hold their own in an unostentatious manner has been a feature in the League competition since its inception. Aston Villa appear to have taken a new lease of life and discovered special "shooting boots," for goals seem to come their way almost at will lately. Their latest achievement was to beat Bury at Gigg Lane by 3 goals to nil.

Bolton Wanderers continue to do well, their latest victims being Sunderland, the Wearsiders going under on their own ground by 2 goals to 1. There were two drawn games in the series, Manchester City and Newcastle United each scoring once on the former's ground, while Birmingham at home halved the points as the result of a goalless draw with Sheffield United. The competition served a useful purpose in illustrating that home teams are not invulnerable, for no fewer than five of them were beaten last Saturday.

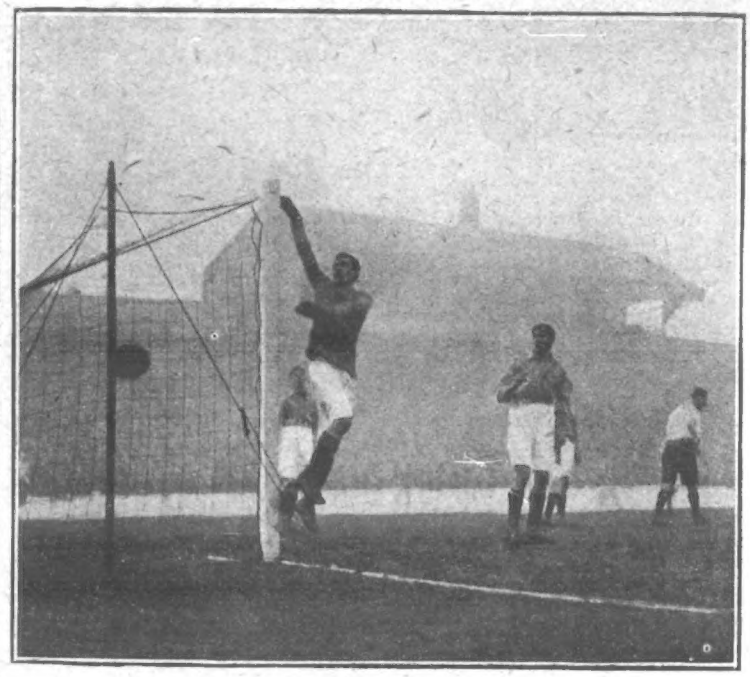
The most notable feature of the second division was the fine victory of Chelsea over Lincoln City on the latter's ground. The Stamford Bridge club won by 5 goals to nil, and I hear that there was nothing in the nature of a fluke about any one of them. Of course, anything may happen between now and the end of April, but it certainly looks as if Chelsea will enter the first division, with Notts Forest for company. Last Saturday the latter beat Wolverhampton Wanderers by 1 goal to nil. Leicester Fosse beat Clapton Orient by 2 goals to 1, but they are three points behind Chelsea, and one in arrear of the Forest, who both have a couple of matches in hand.

Portsmouth have again had to give way to Fulham in the race for the headship of the Southern League, but on matches played the former have easily the better record. The pair met at Craven Cottage last Saturday, and Fulham deservedly won by 2 goals to nil. They now lead their latest victims by one point, but Portsmouth have two games in hand, and a decidedly better goal average. Tottenham Hotspur beat Brentford by 2 goals to 1, and they have an outside chance for championship honours, but that is the most that can be said for them.

Millwall and West Ham United met at Upton Park, and, as is always the case between keen rivals and close friends, the game was stubbornly contested, the visiting team just winning by 1 goal to nil. Queen's Park Rangers entertained New Brompton at Park Royal, and beat them by 3 goals to nil. Watford had Brighton and Hove Albion as guests, and defeated them by 1 goal to nil, whilst Norwich City were beaten by a similar margin by Luton, on the ground of the first-named club.

Northampton, bottom on the list, gained a welcome win over Plymouth Argyle by 1 goal to nil, and Swindon got the better of the Crystal Palace by 2 goals to 1. There were two drawn games in the series, Southampton and Leyton playing a goalless draw, whilst the match between Bristol Rovers and Reading resulted in a draw of 2 goals each.

To-morrow (Saturday) the third round of the English Cup will be decided. All the teams interested have been in hard training, and some exciting games will be seen. I fancy Everton, Woolwich Arsenal, Bury, Liverpool, Tottenham Hotspur, Crystal Palace, Sheffield Wednesday, and West Bromwich Albion will qualify for the fourth stage of the competition.



ENGLAND v. IRELAND AT LIVERPOOL: A hot shot by England.

RUGBY—BLACKHEATH v. CAMBRIDGE: A tussle on the touch line.

SOUTHERN COUNTIES CROSS COUNTRY MEETING AT THAMES DITTON: The first lap of the race.

ATHLETICS & CYCLING.

With the Southern, Midland, and Northern cross-country championships all "on the card," there was plenty to interest athletes all over the country last Saturday. Some people say that it would be as well if these three great events were set for different days, but I do not agree with that opinion.

The man in the street was quite certain that Geo. Pearce, of the Highgate Harriers, would again be first home in the southern event, and that his club would retain their title as champions. As it happened the popular fancy was correct, for Pearce was first to finish, and the Highgate club took the honours at Imber Court, Thames Ditton. This is the seventh time that the "Highgates" have won the event, thus equalling the record of the Finchley Harriers.

Pearce won by 32sec. from J. E. Deakin (Herne Hill Harriers), his time being 59min. 5 2-5sec. Deakin ran exceedingly well, but was no match for the winner. Another Highgate man, T. Johnston, was third, and others who ran creditably were H. S. Pullinger (Brighton and County Harriers), W. H. Watson (Slough Harriers), and G. S. Parkinson (Essex Beagles), these finishing fourth, fifth, and sixth respectively.

The "Highgates" won with the lowest score of 113 points, Brighton and County Harriers' tally was 185, while the Essex Beagles totalled 215. The Polytechnic Harriers made a very fair show, and finished a good fourth, but such famous old stagers as the South London Harriers, Finchley Harriers, Blackheath Harriers, and Ranelagh Harriers were "down the course."

The Hallamshire Harriers won the Northern Counties event with the small score of sixty-three points. The Sutton Harriers (National champions) were second with seventy-four, and the Crewe Harriers (last year's winners) third with 125. The once invincible Salford Harriers appear to have no Parrys or Mortons to assist them at the present time, and they had to be content with fourth place. The first man home was S. Welding, of the Sutton Harriers, with H. Bennion, Crewe Harriers, and W. Birtles, Hallamshire Harriers, as his nearest attendants. The winner's time was 61min. 25sec.

It was generally thought that W. G. Dunkley, of the Northampton Alpine Harriers, would be first man home in the Midland Counties event, and the wiseacres were right. He won without having to make a great effort, and covered the reputed ten miles in 52min. 26sec. Of course, this is impossible time over country, and the distance had probably been overestimated by a mile or more. Birchfield were first club with sixty-three points, Derby and County second with 117, and Kettering Town third with 188.

HOCKEY.

In running the South team so close at Edgbaston, as only to lose by 2 goals to 1, the Midland hockey eleven got by no means more they they deserved; in fact, on the general tenor of the play a draw would have been a fitting result. G. C. Beasley, the Blackheath goalkeeper, was in magnificent fettle for the South, and only one grand shot from Pridmore beat him. The two goals for the South were credited to the Hampstead centre forward, S. H. Shoveller. He keeps up his form splendidly, and on Saturday was quite the best forward on the field, E. W. Page, the Midlands captain, finding him a rare handful to tackle.

Scottish hockey is improving. Last year they registered their first international win, Wales being their victims, and the Welshmen again fell before the Scots last Saturday at Abergavenny. The margin in favour of Scotland was only 2 goals to 1, but the success will tend to still further stimulate hockey players north of the Tweed. F. H. Fasson, who has earned fame in other branches of sport, scored the winning goal close on time. To-morrow (Saturday) Wales play Ireland at Dublin.

COURSING.

There was no outstanding dog in the entry for the Waterloo Cup such as was the case in the years when Fullerton, Coomassie, and Master M'Grath were giants in the coursing world, but with sound performers like San Francisco, Bachelor's Acre, Long Span, Earl's Court, Newcastleton, Cissie's Fancy, Laureate, and Free Forager, there was small chance of failure in the "Dog Derby," which event I shall have another opportunity of dealing with next week.

CRICKET.

Captain Wynyard returned to England last Monday. The severe strain he sustained in New Zealand altogether "crocked" him, and the celebrated batsman, who went out as captain of the M.C.C. team now touring in the land of the "All

Blacks," deemed it advisable to come back "home." He, however, is sanguine of playing during the coming summer. Of the quality of New Zealand cricket he speaks in eulogistic terms.

ROWING.

On Monday last Oxford arrived at Henley for the intermediate stage of their preparation for the 'Varsity boat-race. They showed highly satisfactory form, and, though lighter than the Cantabs, it is evident that the Dark Blues will give their great rivals a fine race. Cambridge are favourites, but opinion often has to be changed when the crews arrive on tidal water. The Light Blues are expected at Richmond next Monday.

BILLIARDS.

Successful in every way has been the great tournament at the Soho Square hall, the final heat of which is in progress. Appropriately enough it is contested by the two men at the head of the profession, and whether Stevenson or Dawson comes off victorious to-morrow night, it will assuredly be only after a tough fight. Stevenson commenced splendidly, and should he win the heat he will take first prize, otherwise the "shekels" will be equally shared by Stevenson, Dawson, Diggle, and Inman.

BOXING.

Every admirer of the "noble art of self-defence" was keenly looking forward to seeing Mr. Reginald L. Baker take part in the championships, but the Amateur Middleweight Champion of Australia contracted a slight attack of enteric fever last week, and, though there was no great anxiety over his condition, it was stated on Monday that there was little chance of him appearing in the championships.

CRUFT'S DOG SHOW.

Cruft's International Dog Show and Exhibition of Sporting Appliances is now thoroughly established as one of the features of the early spring season at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, and the entry for the twenty-third of the series proved that the promoter of the great show has the undivided support of breeders and exhibitors of all the most popular varieties. The aggregate entry was close upon 3,400, a colossal number of dogs to be on view under one roof; and in almost every variety which is provided with classification the champions are to be found, three holders of that coveted title—which, under the new rules of the Kennel Club is now so difficult to win—being found opposed to one another in the same class.

It is in a group of this high calibre that one of Her Majesty's exhibits, the Borzoi, Sandringham Moscow, was entered, and it would be an exceedingly difficult matter to find dogs of any variety possessing such all-round quality as Mrs. Borman's Kieff and Ramsden Ranger, and Mrs. Aitchison's Strawberry King, to which the Queen has thrown down the gauntlet in a section in which Her Majesty has gained high honours during the time the truly majestic variety has been bred at Sandringham. Another exhibit from the same distinguished kennel was the basset hound Dido, the winner of a championship at the Crystal Palace last autumn, and then described as one of the best specimens of the variety yet seen in the show-ring.

At Cruft's Show good sporting classes are always looked for, and although greyhounds were wisely dropped after several lean years, because it was found impossible to get a representative entry at a show which is always held in the height of the coursing season, the fact that dogs used in the shooting field are now at liberty accounts for leading sportsmen entering the pick of their kennels of retrievers, spaniels, pointers, and setters; and in these groups were found dogs which have gained honours at open field trials.

The sensation of the opening day was the defeat in the Borzois class of the Queen's champion Sandringham Moscow, which was only awarded a third prize, Mrs. Aitchison's Strawberry King being adjudged the winner.

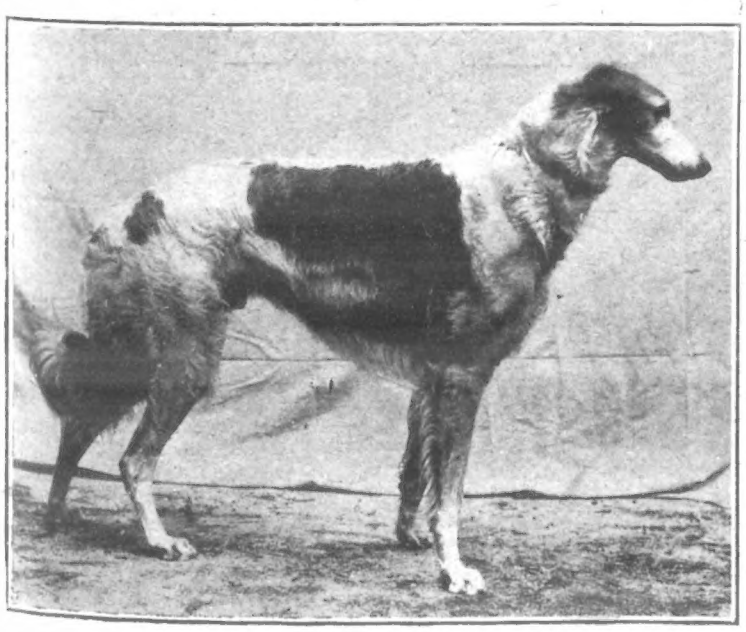
Other winners were: Bloodhounds—Mrs. F. Bayly (Horndean) and Mr. H. H. Spicer (London). St. Bernards—Mr. George Sinclair (Stevenston) and Mr. F. C. Randall (Wolverhampton). Great Danes—Dr. J. Nixon (Grimsby). Irish wolfhounds—Mrs. P. Shewell (Cotswold). Pointers—Mrs. Horner (Kirkby Lonsdale). Setters—Mr. E. Bishop (Newton Abbot). Retrievers—Mr. R. Cooke (Nantwich). Cocker spaniels—Mr. R. de C. Peele (Ludlow). Collies—Mr. R. Tait (Wishaw, N.B.) and Mr. Withers (Swaffham, Norfolk). Bulldogs—Mrs. C. Paine (Hitchin), Mr. E. A. Mills (Uxbridge), and Mr. N. C. Coleman (Epsom). Smooth fox terriers—Mrs. J. H. Brown (Newcastle) and F. Redmond (Stockport, Manchester). Irish terriers—Mr. H. Ridley (Ipswich). Welsh terriers—Mrs. H. Aylmer (Bury St. Edmunds) and Mr. J. Smithson (Halifax).

The challenge prizes were presented on Thursday, when Mrs. Vale Nicolas's Pomeranian, The Sable Mite enjoyed a veritable triumph, winning the silver cup for the best champion of any breed, the toy dog challenge cup, the pet dog bowl, and, with Shelton Sable Atom, the China cup for the best brace.

The trophy for the dog shown in the best condition was won by Mrs. Horner's pointer, Lunesdale Wagg. The gun dog cup went to the flat-coated retriever, High Legh Blarney, the property of Mr. H. Reginald Cooke, and the non-sporting bowl to Mrs. Crouch's Orchard Postboy; while the hound cup—a much-coveted trophy—was awarded to Mr. H. Rawson's deerhound, St. Ronan's Rhyme. The terrier bowl was awarded to Sir Claud Alexander's prick-eared Skye terrier, Wee Mac of Adel; while the team cups went to the retrievers of Mr. H. Reginald Cooke, the Chow Chows of Mrs. Scaramanga, and the toy bulldogs of Lady Kathleen Pilkington.

Cruft's: Miniature Bull Dog Champion "Bumps." (Lady Kathleen Pilkington), 1st and Champion.

CRUFT'S: Mrs. D'Antonio's 1st and Champion Newfoundland "Mrs. Stormy."



CRUFT'S: The Queen's Borzoi "Sandringham Moscow."

Naval Volunteers Reviewed.

On Saturday afternoon the Prince of Wales, attended by Captain Godfrey Faussett, paid a visit of inspection to the London division of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve at the drill-hall in Commercial Road, Lambeth, where he was received by the commander, the Hon. Rupert Guinness.

After the men had been put through their drill, the Prince of Wales, who wore a rear-admiral's uniform, expressed his pleasure at the creditable manner in which the various exercises had been carried out.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

"P.I.P." Farmer and Gardener.

A Book for the Season.

SELDOM do we mention books in this column. There has, however, just reached us one on "Cottage Gardening" which we feel that we must refer to. Its price is 6d. It is written by just the man who would be likely to write a simple and instructive book—that is a gardener and F.R.H.S. turned lecturer and teacher. It is from such that we should learn, surely! Mr. Kerridge gives his book the title of "Easy Lessons in Cottage Gardening." We are strongly recommending these lessons to beginners, and more gladly so just now, when it is the best time to begin. The book is published by the Paternoster Publishing Society, 77, Fleet Street.

Dry Feed versus Meal.

THE question was put to us the other day and we thought it good for a special note. Meal—which with all the professional poultry feeders means "Sussex ground oats," and nothing else—*versus* all the mixture we can make up of seeds and grains. If we have drawn the line too hard on meal we are willing to let in pollard and barley-meal. Our query was as to poultry feed, however. Now, we are going to rap knuckles. We totally and utterly condemn Sussex ground oats. We have two reasons: First, that we have proven over and over again that "squack"—the gapes-worm—can more easily be bred therefrom, and is more often bred therefrom, than all other sources; next, we call it the best and most reliable tainter of the ground that can be invented. What is it anyway? It is the oat, the grain, the hairy covering thereof, and the outer husk also, all ground up into a meal. Does anybody suppose that the millers cleanse it or purify it in any way? Not a factor. They give you the 40lb. or less to the bushel, oat, with plenty of husk, and we don't say that they do not rob it of some of the finer meal—but there it is! Take the whole grain one buys; one is sure of what one is buying, at least. Now, grain feed dry has proven itself first-class feed in numerous instances. We are ourselves devoted to it almost entirely this winter. A strong batch of spring chickens and autumn-hatched turkeys is being reared upon it entirely on our place. We find it a most economic, and most healthy and thriving food. Here are over 100 head on the place, many of them turkeys, and the weekly feed bill for them is under 8s. Could anyone do it for less with meal?

Safety over Milk-Fever.

YES, we can advise over this trying matter. Cows are prone to flush their milk a few days after calving, if they are pushed to a high pressure of milk by the extra feed that some people think fit to give them. If you keep them too well before calving there is also a kindred risk. But neither should they be starved. A little more, and a little, a very little, more as you see that they can convert that little into milk and are doing so, and then stop! After the risk period is past they will stand still more and better feed. Then you may use peameal along with the bran and chaffed hay and pulped roots which has been their feed up to now—or should have been. With half an eggcupful of salt in the mixed feed, a good allowance of long hay to pull at, and a walk out to their accustomed pond twice daily, there will not be much fear of milk-fever if you observe the above carefully.

Birdlime.

WE have made it from the inner bark of the holly, pounded between two stones. It can now be purchased ready-made, and in excellent quality, in tins, at 1s. As to how to use it for protecting fruit bushes from tits and bullfinches during early spring, premising that "Inquirer" takes the Act, or rather the law, into his own hands, we should advise the loose twig plan. You will require a knife or a pair of scissors, a jug of water, and a few small twigs. Take each twig by the middle with your left-hand thumb and forefinger, and endeavour to smear the rest of it over, except just the ends, with the birdlime. You will find the "sticky stuff" draw out into threads. These you can sever by wetting the knife.

(Continued on Page 122.)

THE CERTAIN CURE

For any ailment is that which removes the cause. MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP removes the cause of indigestion, biliousness, constipation, headache, wind, palpitation, stomach pains and dizziness; tones and strengthens your stomach, liver and bowels, and restores them to perfect working order. It thus cures these complaints thoroughly and permanently

FOR ALL DIGESTIVE TROUBLES

"Food disagreed with me, and I always felt sick after it. I was much troubled with wind and headache, and sometimes the pain across my chest would make me bend nearly double. MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP cured me thoroughly."

From MR. JOHN PERT, Baker, Spital, near Windsor. 18/7/06.

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Made to Measure 10/6

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Keeps out the cold and induces a comfortable sensation of warmth and well-being that lasts for hours.

Manufactured by R. Paterson & Sons, Coffee Specialists, Glasgow

Rheumatism.

The most obstinate cases of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Bronchitis, etc., are at once relieved by rubbing with **Smedley's Chillie Paste,** and, if applied when the first symptoms appear, one application will usually effect a complete cure, and avert what might otherwise be a severe illness. In 1/1½, 1/6, & 2/9 bottles from all chemists, or post free from HIRST, BROOKE, & HIRST, Ltd., LEEDS.

Smedley's Paste.

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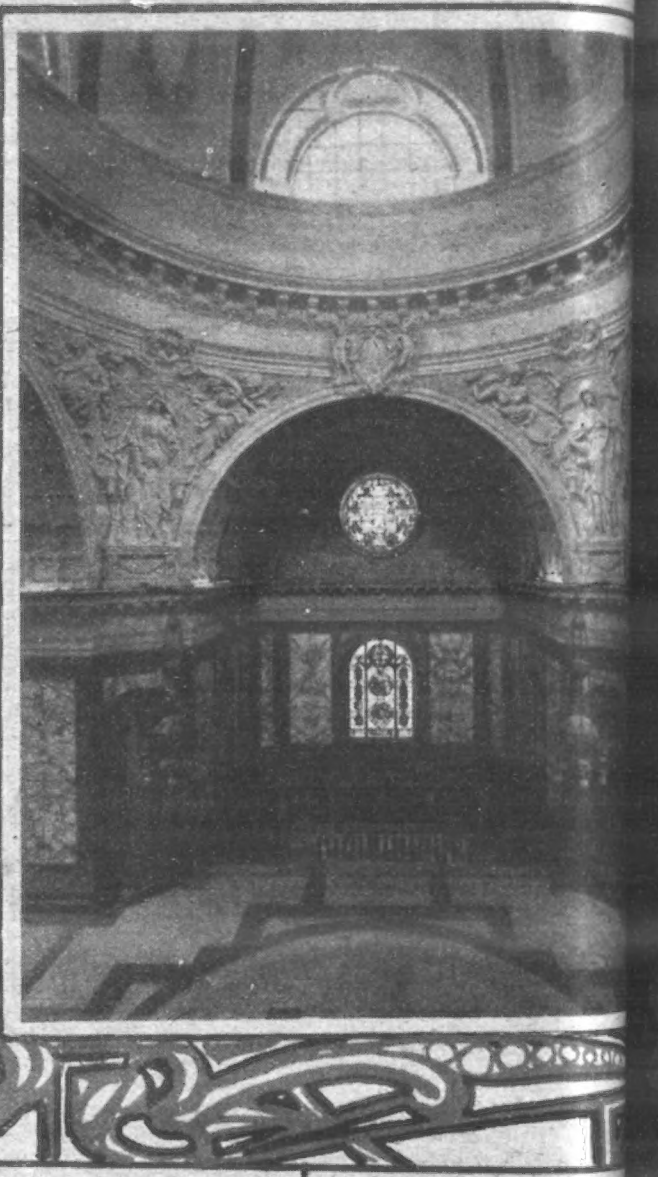
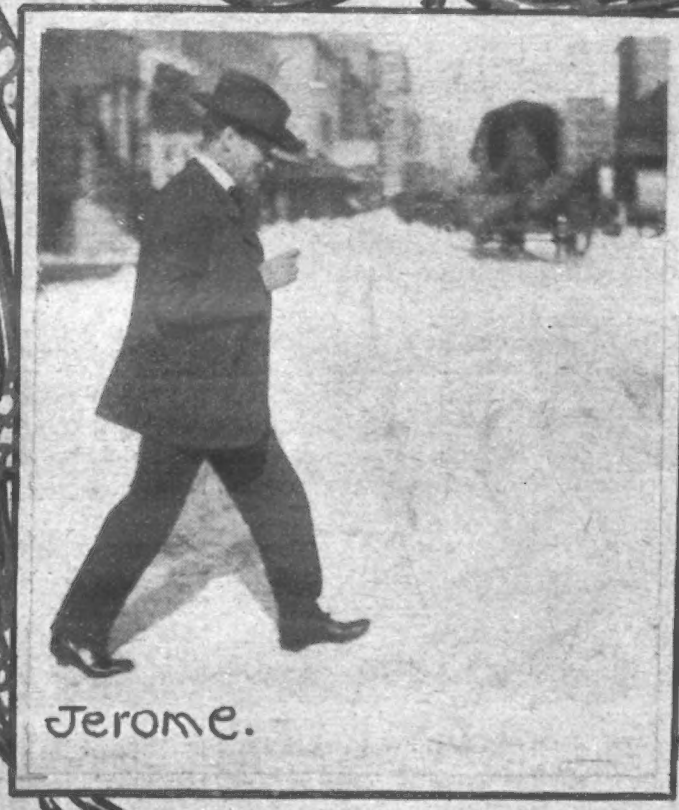
PICTURES OF INTEREST

A WARNING TO TIGHT LACERS: An extraordinary tombstone erected at Springkell, near Eccleffechan, to a young lady who died from the effects of tight lacing.

MR. OSCAR LEWISOHN, the son of the American Copper King, who is to wed Miss Edna May—the Belle of New York.—Photo, Bassano.



THE LADY BLACKSMITH: Mrs. Wilcox, of Nebraska, U.S.A., who assists her husband at the forge.—Photo, Bain.



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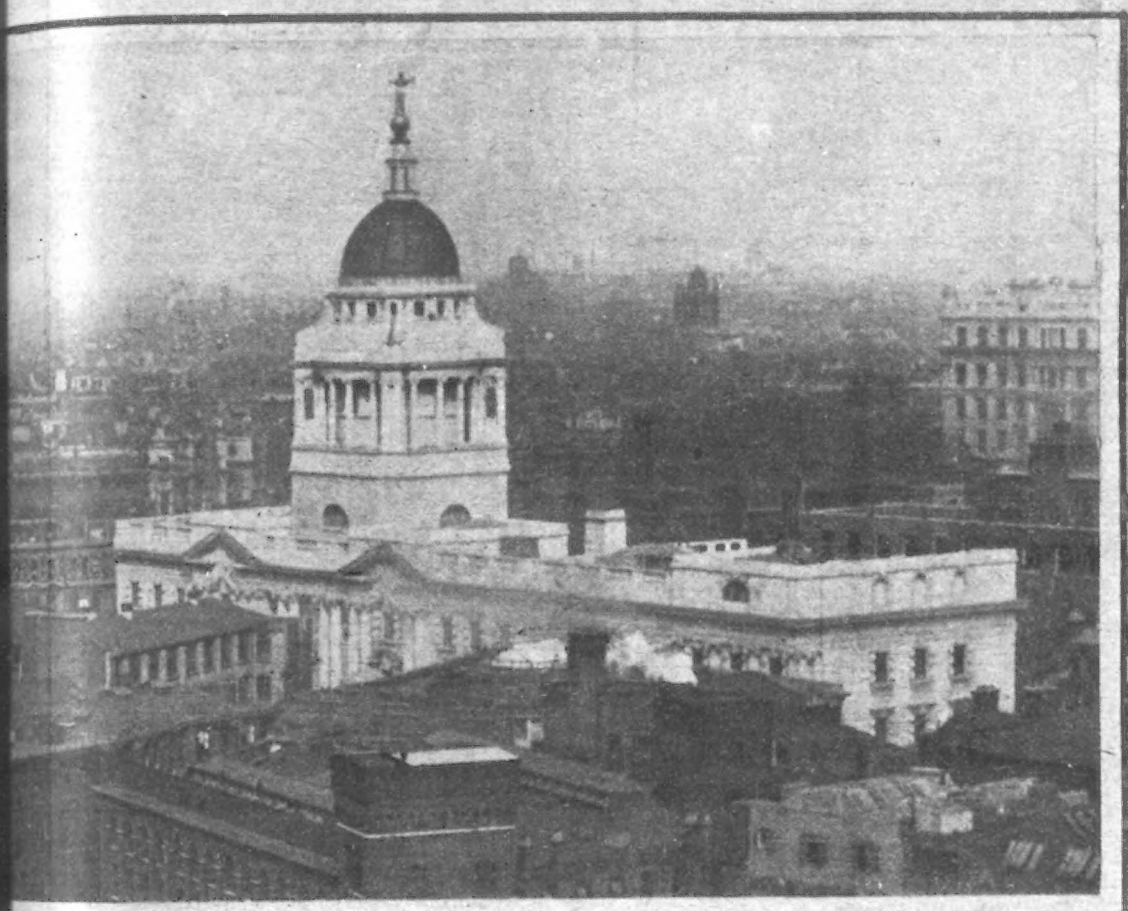

THE NEW OLD BAILEY: All classes, the criminal class in particular, are interested in the great public building that is to be opened shortly. Our photos show the magnificent entrance to the courts and the great dome surmounted by the figure of Justice towering above the roofs of London.—Photos, Park.

DROP A PENNY AND THE G. P. O. DO THE REST: Two automatic machines for the supply of penny stamps and sixpenny packets of post-cards have been placed in the portico of the General Post Office at St. Martin's-le-Grand.—Photo, Topical.

THAW TRIAL PRINCIPALS IN THE SNOW: A great snowstorm has swept over New York while the Thaw Trial has been proceeding. Our photographs show the principals in the case making their way along the snow-covered streets. Mrs. Thaw has hidden her face on the approach of the man with the camera.—Photos, Bain and Illustrations Bureau.

The World of Women.

The Quiet Season.

Lent has come upon us with seeming suddenness this year, says the *Lady's Pictorial*. It has occurred almost as early as is possible, and consequently we shall have a very early Easter. There is this great advantage about what may be called a February Lent, that the penitential season thus coincides with a time of year which is in itself unpleasant. On the whole, in this country we disguise our sackcloth and ashes as much as possible, and society's mortification is not such as to make the forty days' interval between Ash Wednesday and Easter quite unendurable. Modern cooks, skilful modistes, tactful hostesses, and discreet penitents combine to keep up appearances without too much discomfort. In these dieting days we can fare sumptuously on a *maigre* menu, some of the smartest costumes conceived are reproduced in penitential colours, it is astonishing how pleasant and restful little Lenten dinners can be made, and it is even more suprising how many folk find our climate trying and seek sunnier lands when Lent sets in. Yet however easily we may "let ourselves down," and though it may seem to the casual observer as if Lent made very little difference after all to London life, most of us do feel that we have entered upon a period that we shall be very glad to have at an end.

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Nicely stitched Tailor-built **Costume**, consisting of Fitting-back **Coat**, with Chesterfield fronts and new style sleeves. **Walking Skirt**, with inverted pleats at back, and side fastening. Carried out in J.N. "ECLIPSE" Grey Tweed & Cheviot Serge, or Vicuna Cloth, in any of the following tasteful shades:—Light or Dark Grey, Heliotrope, Fawn, Royal, Brown, Crimson, Myrtle, Black and Navy. Also in Heather Mixtures. To fit figures 34, 36 and 38 ins. bust; 24, 26 and 28 ins. waist; length of skirt, 38, 40 and 42 ins. A marvel of smart style and good value. Price **10/6**, carr. 6d. extra. Lined throughout, **17/-**. Special sizes up to 40 ins. bust, and 30 ins. waist, made to measure for **2/6** extra. This model can also be supplied with a Sac Coat, cut with new one seam back, and plain Skirt in any of the above materials at same price.

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A Zouave Bodice.

A zouave camisole is one that is very popular with many women. A woven Balbriggan bodice can be purchased for 1s. to 1s. 10d., and this can be used later in the season as a pattern for a summer one of longcloth or cambric. The advantage of the zouave style for the home worker lies in the fact that it may be all cut in one piece, the armholes and the serpentine inter-edge alone need to be sewn and edged with lace. Sometimes an extra band of insertion is added. This makes a very dainty-looking little garment, but it is an additional touch which can be dispensed with if economy is an object. This shape is particularly admirable carried out in flannel, in which case the edges need not be hemmed, but look well if scalloped out and worked in buttonhole stitch. A flower or three eyelet holes may be worked in each scallop, and the little garment thereby entirely relieved from plainness.

The Importance of flannel.

The importance of warm underclothing cannot be too strongly insisted upon, more especially at this season of the year which is notoriously a treacherous one. It is not too much to say that many a child's constitution has been built up upon a few yards of flannel, and many a life ruined for the want of it. And when I say flannel I mean the real thing. Children's garments are so easy to make that every mother who cannot afford good prices for her children's things should buy the best materials and adjust the balance by setting her own needlework into them. Of course, many mothers may urge they have not the time, and this is true enough in some cases, but it is wonderful how much help the little ones themselves can give if put in the right path, and flannel is certainly one of the softest and easiest materials possible to work upon. In addition to which, being a somewhat bulky fabric, most patterns of flannel garments are cut with a special eye to plainness, no tucks or stroking down of gathers such as nainsook and cambric frequently demand.

An Emergency Blouse.

Is there anything more trying than to receive an invitation to an informal party and to be possessed of nothing between a ball dress and a high silk blouse. Many girls with a limited dress allowance suffer from the lack of a happy medium in this respect. The sum of 8s. 11d., however, will meet all the requirements of such an occasion, and will purchase a charming semi-evening blouse of Japanese silk with a lace yoke cut with a tiny square at the neck, and fashioned of all over lace, back and front, cutlined with ribbon ruching. As this blouse is obtainable in ivory, sky, and pink, both blonde and brunette may be suited.

The Girl Visitor.

Girls who go visiting often find that they need some slight addition to their toilet accessories. Nothing betrays the dainty woman so much as a carefully selected nightdress case and brush and comb bag. Few can afford costly confections of satin and lace, expensive in the first instance, and doubly expensive owing to their lack of durability. The style most adapted to combine economy and elegance is represented by lace and linen carried out in the beautiful Renaissance design. These sets, nightdress case, 2s. 11½d., and brush and comb bag, 1s. 11½d., will wash and wear for an indefinite period, and, what is more, will look good to the end. If an individual touch is desired, the owner may line the flap of the nightdress case with washing silk or sateen of her favourite colour, and may add a satin bow or satin ribbons to the brush and comb bag.

For Repairing and Mending.

If only daughters would realise the comfort and convenience of having their own work-basket, fitted up with tapes, needles, pins, and cottons, they would make fewer inroads on to mother's basket for a needleful of thread, or a button, or what not. Most mothers suffer under the depredations of young daughters, who appear to have a rooted objection to start a haberdashery basket of their own. For the small sum of 1s. 6¾d. a white plait straw basket fully fitted with an assortment of the needlewoman's requirements, may be purchased, and baskets of larger size at corresponding prices. Every girl should invest in one, and she will be astonished and delighted at the trouble and annoyance she is spared by having such trifles as a bodkin or worsted at her own command. Of course, having once become possessed of a useful work-basket, the great thing is not to let its contents languish, but to replenish its stock from time to time as becomes necessary.

Famous Actress Disappears.

Mlle. Bellanger, the famous actress, has mysteriously disappeared, and the Odéon Theatre was closed the other night in consequence.

She was to have acted in Alfred de Vigny's "Chatterton," but as she had not arrived a few minutes before the curtain was to rise, the manager, M. Antoine, telephoned to her family, and learned that they had not seen anything of her since three o'clock in the afternoon.

She was of very regular and methodical habits, and great uneasiness is felt about her.

The New Brutus.

Mr. George Alexander, in pursuance of his electoral campaign for the County Council, has been addressing public meetings in St. Pancras,

A young girl's coat and skirt costume, carried out in striped brown tweed with a collar and cuffs of dark green velvet.

A Hint to Make Curry.

In making mince or curry or any other side dish, it is not essential to use up the remains of some cold joint or chicken. Fresh meat makes a delicious curry and gives to it a delicate flavour quite impossible to obtain when meat that has already been once cooked is used. Twice-cooked meat should never be served for the principal meal of the day, as much of the nourishment is lost in its second preparation for the table.

and showing that he is a man of words as well as of acting (says a writer in *London Opinion*). On March 2nd he hopes that the ballot-boxes will be well "papered" on his behalf. In fact, the more "paper" comes into the house the better he will be pleased. At St. Pancras it will be very welcome—at the St. James's it is not required.

"His House in Order" holds the sway—
So say the wise recorders—
When nightly you to money play
You need no house in "orders."

"P.J.P." Farmer and Gardener.

Winter Chickens.

It is not the aim of this column to deal with fancy so much as with utility. We go in for the shekels. Fancying is not in it with a real, every-day follow-up of work that leads to a certainty of piling up the gold. There is not in all the poultry-fancying persuasion a money-maker that will equal the cult of the winter chicken. Taking the actual cost of feed for rearing, and we write from hard, personal experience, we find that ½d. per head per week for the first month, ¾d. per head for the following six weeks, and afterwards 1d. per head per week on till fatting is taken on, will keep and bring up chickens. At the fattening time we have to feed harder. The cost then is, or should not run over, 2½d. per head per week.

Working It Out.

Taking those cost figures and bringing well fatted chickens into the market at thirteen weeks old at 4s. 6d. each is rather a paying business. It pays the fatter to buy them at ten to twelve weeks old when he can do so at not over 1s. 9d. each. That he usually can do except perhaps in the dead of the rearing season, December to February. But even in those months there are lots of chickens coming forward. Anyhow, whether he rears or buys he is quite able to keep count of cost and to see as he goes on how it is paying. Take a few figures as a proof. Here are a dozen this week that were hatched last November. They have been in the fatting-house three weeks and are now prime. They had had six weeks at ¾d. per head, and six at ½d. per head per week—cost of keep previously; and now each bird has added a further cost of 7½d. per head. The total for the twelve birds comes to 15s. Against the sales account of £2 14s., which the birds will total at 4s. 6d. each, the fatter has to write off labour and cost over rearing, but if he works it in at and along with ordinary farming, and if his wife or daughter is doing the work, there is "all profit" to the tune of nearly £2 over that little lot of twelve birds.

Do They Do It?

Well, we can walk out from where this is being written, and in a few minutes come upon places where to-day there are as many as forty coops in a field all filled with chickens of from one to two months old. Even by the roadside cottages one may already count as many as ten or a dozen coops of twelve to fifteen each—each with its broody hen as a foster mother. These people will go on doing it. If they only made 3s. 6d. each it would pay them extremely well. And there is a secret. That secret is having a regular market. If those people send to a salesman they study that salesman. He, too, studies them. But more often they have a bespoke order trade, and they get into no further expense over that than the cost of delivery.

Winter Work.

When we set the small farms there will be many a small man happily employed "on his own," so to speak, where machinery and appliances now come in. It is lucky nobody has brought out a machine for the trimming and repairing of hedges. The fence of the future may be barbed wire and corrugated iron, if appliances keep on growing. Time was when the farmer could take on a hand or two for hedging and ditching during such hard spells as we have been having since Christmas. He would have a fresh bullock-yard run up, or a hoath hedge built around the rickyard. Hoath is the local name in Sussex for gorse or furze. Gorse makes a perfect fence. It is cut long, and tied up in small trusses in the same way as faggots, and then it is stacked up in a long row against a rail and another rail or two lashed up on the further side. That makes a most impervious fence, and a capital shelter. Speaking of barbed wire, and this the first fox-hunting country in the world—it rather touches the quick! But when poultry-farming and turkey-farming developments get a real hold, we opine that master Reynard will have to clear! It is coming to this: Is England—meaning also Scotland and Wales—to be given over to those moneyed *noveau riche* from other countries, in particular America, to the complete blotting out of the rural industries?

To Marry a Millionaire.

"P.I.P.s" CONGRATULATIONS TO THE "BELLE OF NEW YORK."

Miss Edna May's engagement to Mr. Oscar Lewisohn, the son of the "Copper King," is announced. A portrait of Mr. Lewisohn appears on page 120.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

"Three Blind Mice."

Mr. Arthur Law's new comedy, "Three Blind Mice," was produced with great success at the Criterion Theatre last Thursday.

Marjorie Lovel is loved by three men of an extreme order of stage idiocy, and, being a rational young woman, she loves none of them. These three lovers are the "three blind mice"—Guest, a monosyllabic bore, Ricketts, a vacuous youth, and Lavender, an inane widower with three children.

Marjorie really loves Julian Shuckburg, her godfather, the attractive "man of forty" beloved of the dramatist, but the unscrupulous Lady Richard Marrable, who, of course, also loves Julian, persuades her that her godfather wants her to marry, so, apparently on the principle of choosing the most idiotic, she engages herself to Lavender the widower.

This brings us to the end of the second act, and in the third act, as might have been anticipated, all comes right, and Marjorie finally secures the fascinating Julian.

Mr. Law's play is not by any means a great one, but it is constructed with a good deal of skill, and though the characters are utterly unlike real people, one or two of them, particularly Ricketts, are amusing. The dialogue is leavened with a few quite humorous lines, but Mr. Law has a strong affection for such "obvious" humour as: "He is a man of no family." "I beg your pardon, he has three children." The play was well acted.

Mr. Stoll's Big Salary.

Several shareholders in the Moss Empires, Ltd., at the annual meeting of the company at Edinburgh recently, criticised Mr. Oswald Stoll's position and his salary of £3,500 per annum.

Mr. Stoll remarked in reply: "Buy mine and my mother's holdings and you can conclude the agreement now."

The chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, which recommended a final dividend at the rate of 10 per cent., stated that the prosperous year was largely due to the increased prosperity in the country. He added that the directors had purchased the Grand Theatre, Birmingham, for £42,000.

The End of the War.

It was announced last Thursday night that the music-hall strikers and the managers have agreed that the strikers' pickets shall be withdrawn at once from all the "barred" halls, while the managers have agreed that all legal proceedings growing out of the strike shall be abandoned. The National Alliance has notified all the artistes that they may resume work on February 25th next. Mr. George R. Askwith, of the Board of Trade, had consented to act as arbitrator.

Up-to-Date Germany.

Mr. Henry Dana, accompanied by Mr. Frederick Whelen and Mr. Cecil King, returned to London last week from their visit to Berlin, where they have been arranging for Mr. Tree's visit in April.

Mr. Dana said to a Press representative that there were many points about the principal German theatres which might be imitated in England.

"They are so very progressive," he said. "They are constantly trying new things.

"The stage management in Germany is extremely up to date. Mechanism supersedes manual labour whenever it is effective in saving time or hands."

Another Combine.

A great combination of the American music-halls has been effected by Messrs. Oscar Hammerstein, Percy Williams, and B. F. Keith. All the principal halls in that country are now controlled by the amalgamation.

"Truth."

When "Raffles" ceases from raffling at the Comedy, Miss Marie Tempest, as we all know, will be "presented" by Mr. Charles Frohman in a new comedy. That is from the pen of Mr. Clyde Fitch, and is called "The Truth." "The Truth" is not one of Mr. Fitch's masterpieces, but that prolific and very clever playwright has produced a play in which Miss Marie Tempest will, I fancy (says a writer in the *Daily Express*) appear to real advantage.

On the night when "The Truth" was produced in America Mr. Fitch had two *premières*, and after making his bow at the Astor he had to run across to the Criterion and bow again there. He also put in a speech at the Criterion. It was Mr. Fitch's "twins," and father and children were "doing well." "The Truth" is a thoroughly characteristic Fitch. It shows all his manipulative dexterity with tenuous material. It "guys" the vulgarian. It toys lightly enough with things on the surface. Moreover, it gave Miss Clara Bloodgood an excellent chance. Miss Bloodgood may be described as the Réjane of America. Miss Tempest is our own Réjane.

Busy Mr. Frohman.

Mr. Frohman is hard at work at the Savoy Hotel, Strand, London, arranging his New York season for the rest of the year. His first English production over there will be "The Dairymaids," from our Apollo Theatre. With this he will do the same as with "The Little Cherub," which has been so great a success in America—opening ahead of the season in New York, as early, indeed, as August.

HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

Drawn by John Hassall.

WARNED.

THE TWEENIE: "Yer must take care when yer use this knife, Mum. It's sharp on both edges, an' yer might cut yer mouf wiv it."

Drawn by Frank Reynolds.

POSSIBILITIES.

HE: "Do you think I shall ever be able to waltz?"
SHE: "Oh, yes! Your time is good, and you don't tread on my feet—two great things."

A Failure.

Shopwalker (severely): "I heard you tell the lady she would find the ribbons at the third counter to the left."

New Shopwalker: "That's where they are."

Shopwalker: "Yes; but you should have told her to go to the right past the necktie bargain-counter, turn to the left past the stocking bargain-counter, then three counters to the right past the counter where the millinery bargains are, and so on. You'll never make a shopwalker."

Why She Chose It.

It was usual at the family devotions in a certain household to ask one of the domestics to choose a hymn.

It happened that the maid selected one of such an unsuitable character that her mistress questioned her as to why she chose it.

The girl appearing very reluctant to answer, her mistress pressed her to do so. At last she replied: "I chose it because it was my policeman's number."—*London Opinion.*

She: "I can't bear actors; they're so conceited!"

He: "But I'm an actor, and you don't think I'm conceited, do you?"

"Oh, of course not! I mean the famous ones; the others don't count."

Altered the Case.

Landlady: "I have to let this good room at a low price because the lady next door plays the piano continually."

Applicant: "Oh, that won't make any difference! The room is for my nephew here, and he is deaf."

"Ah, if that's so, I'm afraid I must charge the full rate!"

The scorcher revelled in pace-making, and he boasted that no hill was too steep for him to take full tilt.

One day, however, he altered his opinion about rushing down hills, for instead of going round the corner at the bottom of a very steep descent he went straight on and smashed through the window of a jeweller's shop. In due course he crawled out of the hospital and paid the jeweller a good round sum for damages.

But history has a way of repeating itself. It did in this case, anyway, and another cyclist entered the jeweller's shop by the window. Then it became apparent to the shopkeeper that it was time to take action. When a third window had been put in, an amused crowd stood outside read this notice:

"Cyclists are particularly requested to enter this establishment by the door."

The Walker: "I hear your horse threw you the other day."

The Rider: "Nothing of the kind: it was merely a coincidence. At the very moment my horse kicked with his hind legs I dismounted over his head."

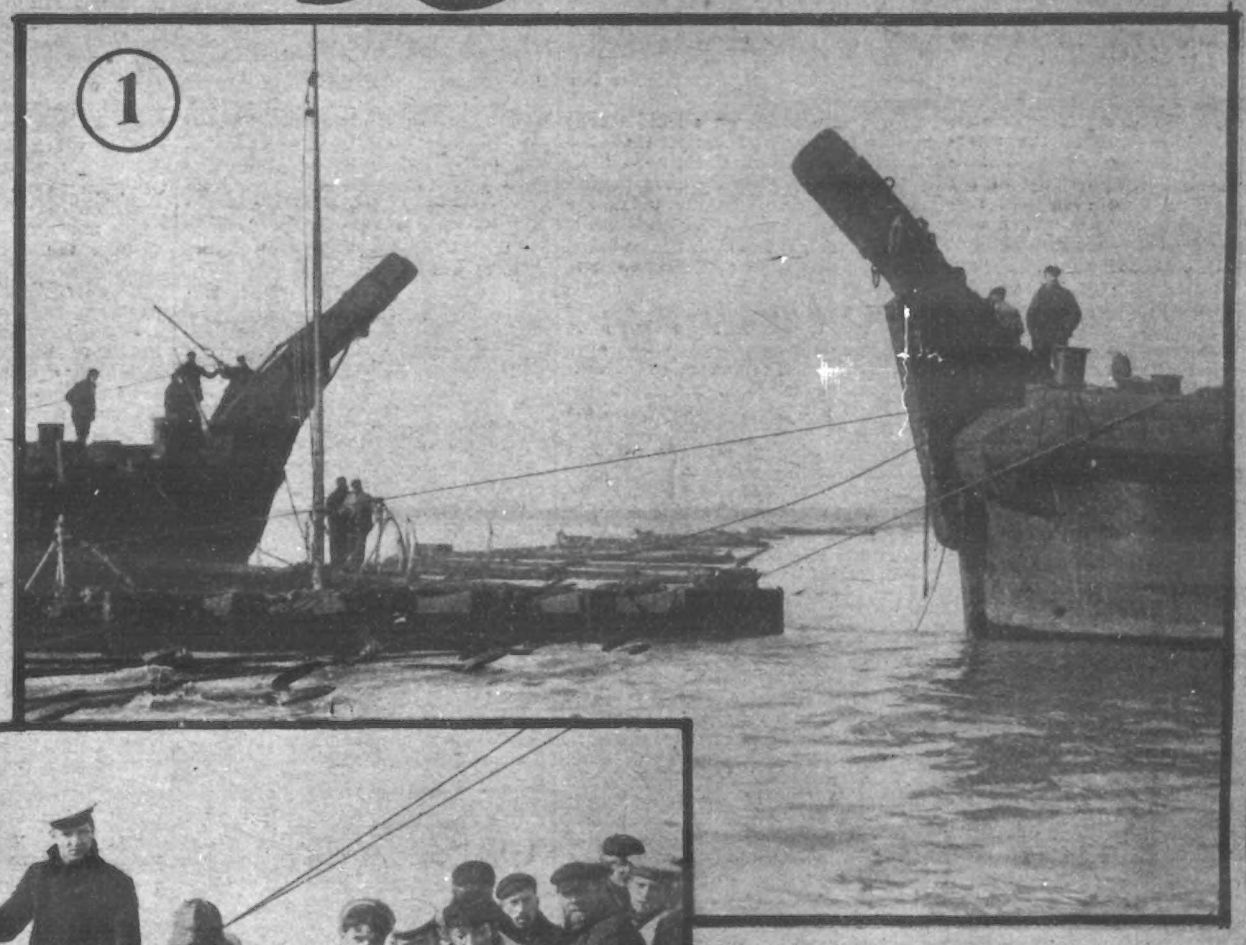
Mother: "Well, darling, did you put your tongue out to the doctor when he came, as I told you to?"

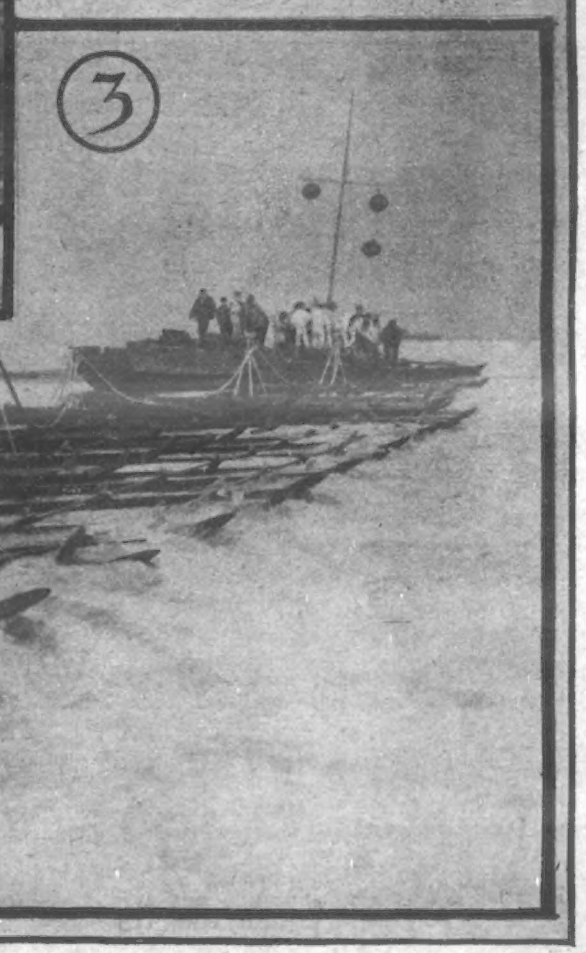
Small Boy: "Yes, and made faces too."

She: "So you told Lady Buncom she looked as young as her daughter. That caught the old lady, I know."

He: "Yes; but it lost me the daughter."

Defending Sheerness





1 TOWING and FIXING THE BOOM -
2 FASTENING THE BOOM TO A BUOY -
3 A VIEW OF THE BOOM -

Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

THE BOOM AT THE MOUTH OF THE MEDWAY.

A new boom designed to protect Sheerness Harbour, the headquarters of the new Home Fleet, from torpedo-craft attack, was placed in position last week. The boom has a raft-gate 600 feet in length, through which the water traffic is carried on when the boom is in position. It extends from the Martello Tower on one side of the Medway to the Garrison Point Fort on the other.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

I have always been impressed by the knowledge that Englishmen are amongst the greatest colonisers in the world. I have wondered at it when, in idle moments, I have had time to trouble my brain about matters with which I do not usually concern myself. At such times I have come to the decision that this gift of colonising, this going forth to the uttermost ends of the earth, was attributable to some special quality in my countrymen. I have even told myself—the conceit being unspoken does not seem so great—that it was what I naturally expected of men belonging to my own race, and that I was inclined to be proud of them. I verily believe, however, that I have at last solved the mystery, and admit, with all humility, that my beautiful ideas, my pride of race, my glorying in the going forth of my countrymen, were all wrong, and that the truth of the matter lies in—our weather. Take the last week or so, and I can assure you that I should be pleased to present you with the freehold of it if it were mine, and analyse it thoroughly. The process may bring into your mind things that you would rather forget; but put such selfish thoughts from you, and face the truth, the frosty, muddy, sunshiny truth, like men.

It is only a few days ago that I was hurrying along in a great coat, not because I am fond of hurrying, but to keep warm. There was a bite in the air like the cut from the lash of a whip, steam rose from the horses, small boys busily made slides on the pavements when they were left in undisputed possession for a few minutes, and athletic young men and women spoke eagerly of the prospects of skating. It was principally in trains that I heard them talking of their hopes, until these very same hopes became my hopes, and I unearthed from the cupboard, in which they had lain hidden for years, a pair of skates. They were good skates once, with a nice shining surface, but time had, alas! dulled them. Undaunted by this, I cleaned them, and—it thawed. And when it thawed it rained, and from out of the roads, which had been hard as bricks only a few hours back, rose seas of mud. Then all the horses seemed to develop large feet, while their drivers appeared to live solely to drive them as closely to the pavement as possible, so that I and other humble pedestrians might know that there really was mud about. Even this sea of mud served a useful purpose for a time, for it set the inventive cells of my brain at work, and I began to evolve weird ideas for tin collars which could be scrubbed every hour or so, and other inventions of an equally uncommon but useful description.

Now, one hears on all sides that spring has arrived early, that the winter is over, that someone-or-other's rose trees are sprouting already, and that the squirrels in the parks are getting so sportive in the warm weather that the L.C.C. are thinking of increasing their staffs of keepers, so that the public may be in no danger of injury. But to-morrow—what will that bring? Perhaps more mud, perhaps ice, perhaps an even nearer approach to spring. Whatever it is, however, it is not much use talking about it, for we shall have to have it.

Talking of mud reminds me that the suffragettes seem to rank with Royal processions, Lord Mayor's Shows, and other frivolities of a like nature, in the matter of weather. I am sure that even those who cry the suffragettes down, possibly without knowing why, must have sympathised with them in their march through London. At no time is the average woman fond of mud, and when she deliberately courts it, wades through it cheerfully, and all for a cause at which many men have chosen to laugh, one thing is certain—she must be in earnest.

What a remarkable thing opportunity is! The saying "opportunity makes the thief" is a common one, and the truth of this was proved only too completely the other day. For some, at present inexplicable, reason, a man chose to break the window of a jeweller's shop and scatter more than two hundred pounds' worth of the jewels in the roadway. At the time there was the usual crowd of people about, and not for one moment could it be suggested that even a majority of them could have been accomplices of the man who had broken the window. Yet all but three rings, returned by one man to a constable, disappeared. There was little chance of detection at the time of the people who actually picked the jewels up, almost as little hope that they would be traced in the future, and so they have gone. A number of men, presumably honest until this opportunity occurred, must have guilty consciences, and are probably by now very sorry that they gave way to the temptation suddenly thrown in their way.

The fear of detection and its consequences has always been admitted as a strong factor in the prevention of crime, and this instance of a sudden temptation given way to only goes to prove how necessary it is that that fear should exist. It is to be hoped that there are good, honest reasons why the missing jewels have not as yet been returned, but I, for one, am not hopeful. Every hour that passes must make the giving up of the jewels a more difficult matter. The jewels were picked up because they lay in the roadway, the temptation to keep them prevailed because there appeared to be so little chance of discovery, and now that there is still time to make amends, to take the course which leads to a quiet conscience, will it be taken?

YOUR EDITOR.

NEWS ITEMS.

Lord Charles Beresford.

Rumours were current last week that Lord Charles Beresford had resigned his command of the Channel Fleet. In an interview at Mexico City last week, his lordship said:

"There has been some mistake concerning the published reports of the affair. When I returned home from the Mediterranean I declined the command of the Channel Fleet without certain modifications. The Admiralty approved these modifications, and I accepted the command before leaving for America. I do not care to say what the modifications were which I suggested to the Admiralty."

Roses from Thaw.

The *American* says that Thaw has ordered a spray of roses to be sent to the home of Mr. Bolton, the juryman who recently lost his wife, as evidence of his sympathy with him in his bereavement.

This will, no doubt, raise more legal arguments as to whether the prisoner is attempting to "bribe" the jury.

President Roosevelt has officially inquired of the Postmaster-General, Mr. Cortelyou, whether it is not possible to bar in the United States mails the carriage of newspapers printing the disgusting details of the Thaw trial.

The Federal-Attorney in New York has warned the newspapers that immediate action will be taken against them if they continue to print particulars of this trial, which render them liable to prosecution under the law forbidding the publication of obscene matter.

THE SPOTTED FEVER PLAGUE.

Spotted fever in London! The statement has brought consternation into the minds of hundreds of thousands of those who have read it in the newspapers, but they have no accurate knowledge of what the disease really is. To them it is a form of the plague, that dreaded disease which decimated London in the middle of the seventeenth century, and caused the streets to be perambulated by men crying, "Bring out your dead!" as they walked through the streets of the stricken city.

Happily, thanks to the improved sanitary conditions under which we live, such a state of things is no longer to be feared, and what is called an epidemic is really limited to a comparatively small number of cases scattered over wide areas of the country.

"The remarkable thing about the disease," said a well-known physician, whose name, in accordance with the tenets of medical etiquette, may not be published, to a representative of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, "is that is was not known until about a century ago. It was in 1805 that it was first distinguished, and the epidemic lasted until 1830, though the outbreak occurred only here and there on the Continent, in Geneva, Paris, and other places. The first place where it is said to have occurred in England was Blackaton, a small village of Dartmoor, but this does not seem very certain. In 1830, however, it undoubtedly appeared in Sunderland.

"In 1870, it again broke out in France, beginning in the south and spreading west and east. Two years later it appeared in the northern parts of that country. Then the disease abated to spring up again especially in the garrison towns. Indeed, many of the epidemics have been limited to these towns, and they have been started by soldiers going from one infected place to another, as when some soldiers who were sent to Versailles from an infected town carried it with them. That, however, is the only known way in which the spread of the disease has been traced. The largest number of cases have been found in Glasgow, while there have been cases in Belfast, Dublin, Edinburgh, Leith, Liverpool, Paisley, Inverness, Haddington, Longton, and Wolverhampton, as well as in London. The first time the disease appeared in Ireland was in 1846, and it reappeared there in 1865, as well as in 1878, 1885, and 1886.

"The popular name of the disease originally came from America, where there was a widespread epidemic during 1814, 1815, and 1816. While we doctors call it epidemic cerebro-spinal-meningitis, or cerebro spinal fever, to show the part of the brain and spinal cord which are primarily attacked, the popular name is derived from the spots or rash which are seen in various parts of the body. Sometimes these come on the face and look like nettle-rash, with which everyone is familiar, while at other times they are like the spots which are seen in typhoid fever, and occasionally they are spots of blood which come out all over the body, and chiefly on the legs. These last are of a dark colour, being brown, purple, or sometimes as black as ink. This kind of rash was particularly noticed in the epidemic in Dublin, forty years ago, for which reason it was suggested that the disease should be called the 'Black Death.'

"The exact condition which causes the disease no one knows. Cold, however, seems to help it, for most epidemics of it have begun in winter or spring. On the other hand, in some of the severest winters, there have been no epidemics, and the disease is not known in the Arctic climate, but only in the countries which have temperate and sub-tropical climates.

"While no particular race has been marked out for special immunity or attack, and males are equally subject to it as females, still children are most prone to fall victimes to the disease, and it need hardly be said that unhealthy neighbourhoods, where there is much overcrowding, bad sanitation, and where the people, through their poverty, suffer from privation generally, are all circumstances which favour its outbreak.

"Like so many of the other fevers, spotted fever is undoubtedly due to a germ, but this germ has not been traced to the food or water supply, the latter of which is the most frequent, if not the invariable cause, of the epidemics of typhoid fever.

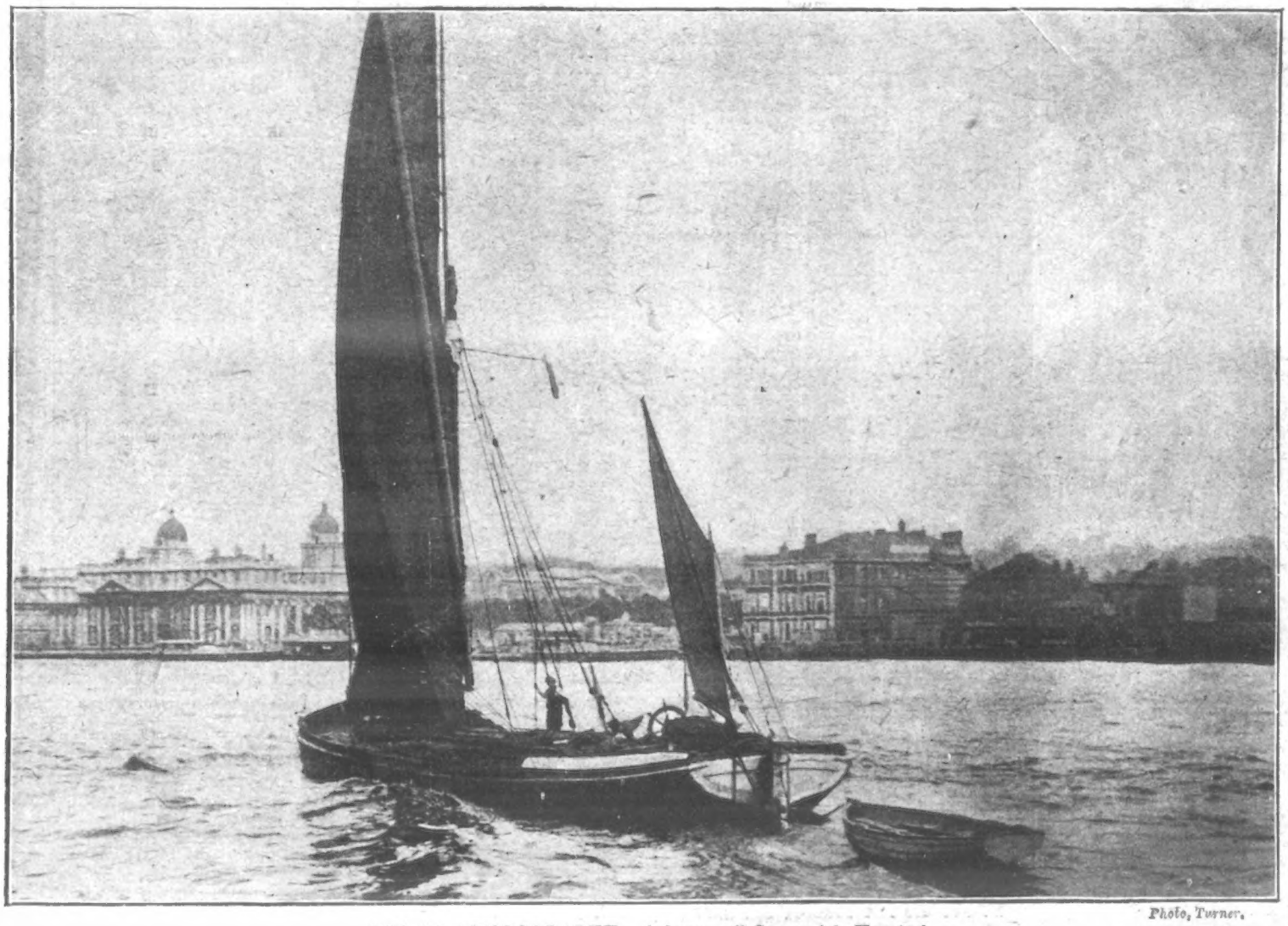
"The outlook for the sufferers is serious if not always grave. One of the remarkable things about it is that sufferers as a rule get better very slowly, and die very quickly. It seems to be especially fatal to children, and people who have followed the course of the epidemic in the United Kingdom, as reported in the newspapers, must have noticed how many of the patients stricken down have been children. They run greater risks of the disease proving fatal, and so do people over forty than do the sufferers of middle age.

"Children who are recovering are apt to become deaf and dumb. One physician found that in an institution for the deaf and dumb there were forty-two children, everyone of whom had become afflicted after suffering from spotted fever, while in another similar institution, out of thirty-two inmates, twenty-two had had the disease.

"That the disease is strongly contagious there can be no doubt whatever, so that the steps taken by the authorities, and the absolute isolation insisted upon by them, is one of the most needful factors in the fight that they are making to round up the outbreak, to confine it if possible to its present centres, and so prevent an increase in the number of cases. It is a scourge like spotted fever that may well develop into a national calamity, but, providentially, there appears to be small ground for fearing this.

"Just as the spots are particularly characteristic of the disease, though they are not always present, so another peculiar appearance is nearly always noticed. This is that the head is thrown backward, so that in extreme cases it sometimes appears as if it were lying between the shoulder blades, while the sufferer lies on his side with his legs drawn up.

"It need hardly be said that no one should ever dream of attempting to treat a case of this sort at home without the aid of a physician. The many possible complications that arise make it necessary that the best medical assistance should be had without delay if the life of the patient is to be saved. As it is, it often taxes the doctor's skill to the utmost to bring the sufferer through the complaint."



Photo, Turner.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY: A barge off Greenwich Hospital.

England's Blind Farmer.

THE LIFE STORY OF CAPTAIN PEIRSON WEBBER.

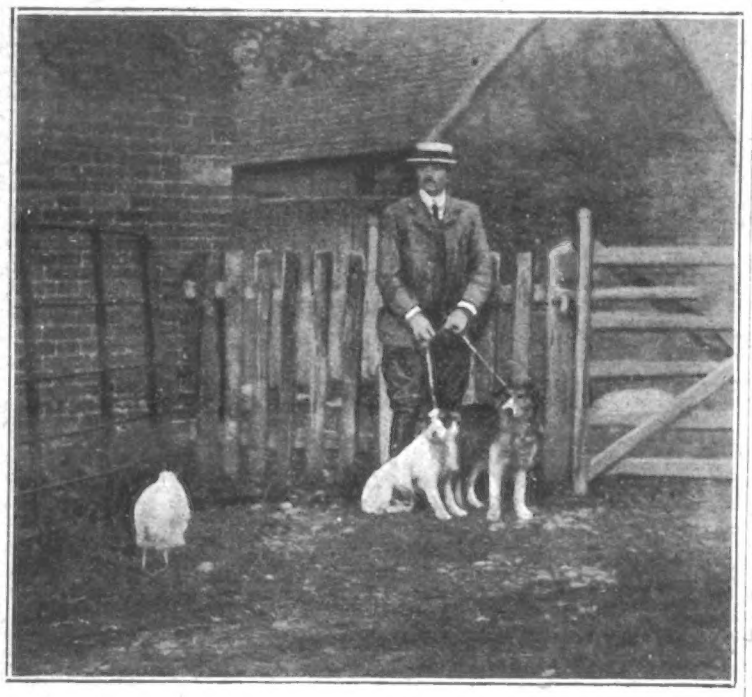
Who is Captain Peirson Webber? He is a man to know, because a man infinitely courageous, infinitely resourceful, infinitely entertaining, and, as a personality, infinitely interesting. To begin with, he, some eight years ago, was unfortunate enough, when a member of the Indian Staff Corps, to lose his eyesight through sunstroke. The calamity at the time was overwhelming; it swept away in an instant all professional prospect, and merged his whole life in the gloom of midnight. Despair seemed to be his portion. But the darkness was, as in Milton's case, but the shadow of the Almighty's wing, and with a resolution incomprehensible to humanity in the average, he set himself to work out his own temporal salvation.

It is the story of that eight years' task and its result which makes an introduction to Captain Peirson Webber desirable. But that we may the better understand him we must first inquire by what means he has been able in the circumstances to accomplish anything at all. "What is your secret?" we asked him at the opening of a conversation the other day. The answer came in one word—concentration. Concentration of thought, of will power, of energy. If, like Othello, the gallant officer's occupation was gone, he determined that it should be in one direction only. Accordingly he took up, not as a pastime, or as an amateurish hobby, but as a serious study the profitable rearing of poultry. Here was an industry worth millions annually to our Continental neighbours, but neglected and little understood, if not wholly misunderstood, in England.

Without the use of his eyes Captain Webber found that deprivation of these organs increased the sensitiveness of touch, quickened his sense of hearing, and, best of all, heightened the acuteness of his mental faculties to such an extent that he was able, by means of accurate deduction, to grasp facts, and to come to conclusions respecting fowl life which helped him to solve the problem of how to secure what he, with love for iterative phraseology, terms "practical poultry profits." That he should be more successful than many another who has tried and failed is because he has taken Nature into the reckoning. Thus with regard to one prime essential in a fowl-house—ventilation, ventilation yet without a draught to chill the inmates and thus set up bronchial and other complaints—he has invented a shutter—the Liberty Poultry Shutter—which, however, differing as a mechanical structure from the winding burrow of a rabbit, has the same effect, i.e., it brings the rush of fresh air to a stop, and causes it to become dead air, that is, fresh air without draught.

So, also, he has perfected a system by which obnoxious gases are dispersed; so, too, with regard to every detail respecting diet, conveyance of water to remote field-pens, incubation, egg-laying in winter, breeds, the successful combat with adverse climatic conditions, and a thousand matters, minor but all important, for poultry raising on a sound financial basis. In a word, we have in Captain Webber an absolute expert in the industry which, despite his affliction, he has marked out as his own. His experience as a poultry-breeder has been extensive. He has controlled 700 head of poultry unaided; he has also, unaided, supervised for weeks together the process of incubation, hatching on one occasion no fewer than 150 chirping chicks.

He has many testimonials to show, and guarantees profit in every case where his system is adopted. Captain Webber not only lectures, but follows up his public demonstrations, as all true teachers ought to do, by personal advice. He conducts his own correspondence, writes shorthand, and is always accessible at his address, Highfield House, Stockton, Rugby. A fluent speaker, lucid in style, patient and painstaking, Captain Webber is naturally a capable lecturer. He will lecture in the Albert Hall, Leamington, on the 28th inst.—*Leamington Spa Courier.*



A BLIND FARMER: Captain Peirson Webber, whose interesting life story is told on this page. In this photograph he is shown with his trained dogs.

Turner in the Police-Court.

It is some considerable time since the man, now identified as H. G. Turner, shot Mr. William Whiteley, known to the general public as the "Universal Provider," in the latter's great business premises in Westbourne Grove. Throughout all that time, however, interest in the man who has been lying ill in hospital, injured by his own hand, has not flagged. Day by day reports of Turner's condition have appeared in the papers, until the public has waited eagerly for the time to come when the doctors might consider him fit to appear in court.

That time has come, the accused man's strength has been thoroughly tested by the doctors who have had charge of him, and the first step of the law has been taken.

The scene of Turner's leaving the hospital has been described as a touching one, especially when the secretary of that institution put the formal question to Turner—was he satisfied with the treatment that he had received. With two detective officers waiting to take charge of the patient there must have been something of irony in the whole proceeding. Perhaps, however, there was a stronger element of pathos when Turner, hesitating from emotion and weakness, thanked all concerned for the kindness and consideration that he had received.

The majority of women may be trusted at all times to show strong sympathy, and they did not fail to do so in this case. Despite the grave crime with which their patient was to be charged, more than one of the nurses shook hands with him heartily before he took his departure in charge of the officers.

The departure was effected quietly and expeditiously, so that few of the patients in the wards were aware that their numbers had been lessened by the loss of Turner. A cab was waiting at the back of the hospital, and into this, accompanied by the officers, the prisoner stepped, to be driven without delay to Paddington Green Police-station. There Turner was formally charged, and then driven on to Marylebone Police-court. A crowd had collected, eager to catch a glimpse of Turner, but he was quickly ushered through to the court.

Mr. Henry Pierron, solicitor, appeared for the prisoner, and Mr. Roche appeared for Mr. Whiteley's family. Detective-inspector Fuller was present representing the police, and Mr. Paul Taylor was the magistrate.

The proceedings were brief, Turner being remanded for a week.

The Tea "Boom."

The price of tea showed a further upward tendency, confined to the common and medium qualities, at Monday's sales in Mincing Lane.

The advance has been remarkable. In August last the ordinary common Pekoe tea could be purchased wholesale for 3¼d. per pound. At the beginning of this month it was up to 5¾d. A week ago 6½d. per pound was the lowest wholesale price. At yesterday's sales 7d. and 7½d. were the lowest prices paid for this grade. There was much competition among the big buyers.

Assam tea rose from 8d. to 9d. The best variety increased in price also, but shows no advance on the highest previous price.

Banffshire Election.

The result of the poll in Banffshire to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. A. W. Black (Liberal) was declared yesterday, Captain Waring (Liberal) being returned by a majority of 2,009, the exact figures of the poll being: Captain Waring, 3,901; Mr. William Whitelaw, (Unionist), 1892.

Captain Waring is in his thirty-first year, and is the son of the late Mr. Charles Waring, who sat for some time as Liberal member for Poole. Joining the 1st Life Guards in 1897, he served with distinction in South Africa during the late war, receiving the medal with six clasps, besides being mentioned in despatches. In 1904 he attained the rank of captain, and retired last year in order to contest Wigtonshire. Although unsuccessful, he made a very good fight against Viscount Dalrymple, and it is evident that he would not be long absent from the ranks of Liberal members of Parliament. Captain Waring married Lady Clementine Hay, only daughter of the present Marquis of Tweeddale, in 1901, and has acted as Master of the Horse to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland since the Earl of Aberdeen was appointed to that position. He has a beautiful place at Lennel, Coldstream.

The photographs of Miss Edna May on page 123 are by Bassano.

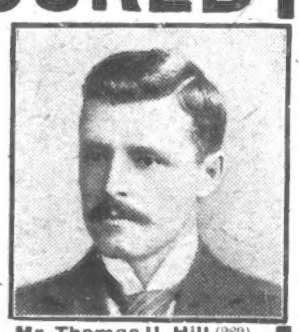
ASTHMA CURED

Miss McLanachan (543)
(Full address on application.)

Writes:—"I am now so pleased that I can write and say I am quite better now. I need never sit up in bed, and my cough is quite better, so I must thank you very much. I am like a new person altogether, and never have been in bed since I have started with your cure."

If you desire a PERMANENT CURE for this most terrible complaint, and wish to have done with merely relieving remedies, such as Inhaling Powders, Atomizers, &c., &c., then you must cast aside all drugs and mineral poisons, and trust to Natural and Hygienic principles only.

The WEIDHAAS Nature Cure, which is easily carried out in the humblest home without interference with daily occupation or social duties, has been so eminently successful in effecting PERMANENT cures in cases of ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, EMPHYSEMA, SHORTNESS OF BREATH, BLOOD SPITTING, &c., &c., for the last quarter of a century that the old saying that these complaints are incurable is without further justification, and patients, or friends of patients, should fully investigate the merits of this treatment before abandoning hope or giving themselves up to despair.



Mr. Thomas U. Hill (269)
(Full address on application.)

Writes:—"I write to thank you for your wonderful treatment and the great attention you have paid in my case. I used to sit up in bed gasping for breath; other doctors could do me no good, but ordered me abroad to a warmer climate. Now I am quite well again, and can do any kind of work with pleasure, and eat and sleep well; even the London fogs do not affect me a bit now."

Full particulars and a very instructive book on all matters concerning Chest Diseases are sent gratis and POST FREE on application to—

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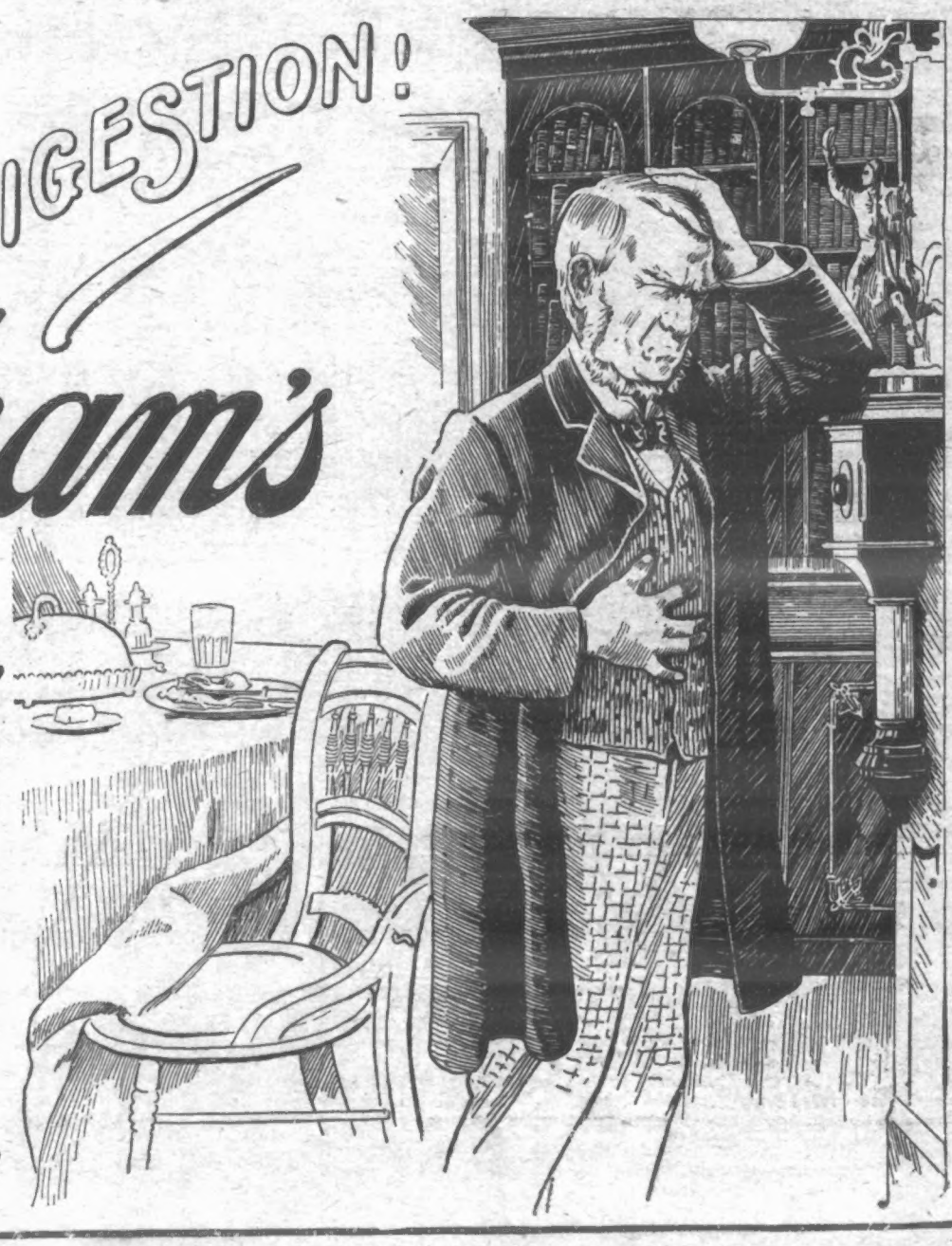
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